

THE
WORKS
OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK's, DUBLIN.

VOLUME VI.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. DONALDSON, and sold at his Shops
in London and Edinburgh.

M,DCC,LXVIII.

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MCCCLXXXIII



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By Dr. ARBUTHNOT and Mr. POPE.

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MEMOIRS of the extraordinary Life,
Works, and Discoveries of MARTINUS
SCRIBLERUS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE READER.

IN the reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithstanding those happy times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember), thou may'st possibly, gentle reader, have seen a venerable person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black, and even his eyes hollow, yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey. All this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was as black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as strait as the hair of a river-god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other cloaths (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say; but his

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sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a Jesuit, took him for one, and others believed him some high-priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creature, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a philosopher. Accordingly, he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one; except the queen, or her first minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. This much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the queen's ministry; who, either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropt from under his cloak. which my servant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and stile. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri*. The book was of so wonderful a nature, it is incredible what a desire I conceived

that moment to be acquainted with the author, who, I clearly perceived, was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the piazza by the dancing room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English, as follows.

“ Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the stars
 “ and my art are deceitful, or the destined time is
 “ come, which is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus
 “ to the world, and thou the person chosen by
 “ fate for this task. What thou seest in me, is a
 “ body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I
 “ have found in Dame Nature not indeed an un-
 “ kind, but a very coy mistress. Watchful nights,
 “ anxious days, slender meals, and endless la-
 “ bours, must be the lot of all who pursue her
 “ through her labyrinths and meanders. My first
 “ vital air I drew in this island (a soil fruitful of
 “ philosophers), but my complexion is become a-
 “ dust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as
 “ the poet has it), *alio sub sole calentes*. I have,
 “ through my whole life, passed under several
 “ disguises and unknown names, to screen myself
 “ from the envy and malice which mankind ex-
 “ press against those who are possessed of the *Ar-*
 “ *canum Magnum*. But at present I am forced to
 “ take sanctuary in the British court, to avoid the
 “ revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued
 “ me almost through the whole terraqueous globe.
 “ Being, about four years ago, in the city of Ma-
 “ drid,

“drid, in quest of natural knowledge, I was in-
 “formed of a lady, who was marked with a pom-
 “granate upon the inside of her right thigh, which
 “blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in
 “the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with
 “an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful
 “phænomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion
 “increase as the season advanced, till, in the month
 “of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed
 “her duenna, was admitted to the bath, saw her
 “undressed, and the wonder displayed. This was
 “soon discovered by the husband, who finding
 “some letters I had writ to the duenna, contain-
 “ing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected
 “me of a crime most alien from the purity of my
 “thoughts. Incontinently, I left Madrid by the
 “advice of friends; have been pursued, dogged,
 “and way laid through several nations, and even
 “now scarce think myself secure within the sacred
 “walls of this palace. It has been my good for-
 “tune to have seen all the grand phænomena of
 “nature, excepting an earthquake, which I wait-
 “ed for in Naples three years in vain; and now,
 “by means of some British ship (whose colours
 “no Spaniard dare approach*), I impatiently ex-
 “pect a safe passage to Jamaica, for that benefit.
 “To thee, my friend, whom fate has marked for
 “my historiographer, I leave these my Commen-
 “taries, and others of my works. No more—
 “be faithful and impartial.”

He soon after performed his promise, and left
 me the Commentaries, giving me also further
 light by many conferences; when he was unfor-
 tunately snatched away, as I before related, by the
 jealousy of the queen's ministry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, depriv-
 ed, of his conversation, he, for some years, con-

* This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

tinued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, straggling about the world and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him, was on occasion of his strictures on the Dunciad; since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst for knowledge, into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life, and of his extensive merits, to mankind; in which I dare promise the reader, that, whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.





MEMOIRS of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS*.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

Of the parentage and family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what care was taken of him before he was born, and what prodigies attended his birth.

IN the city of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by profession an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curiosities, esteemed none more highly than a skin of the true Pergamenian parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their alliances and collateral relations, (among which were

* Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift projected to write a satire in conjunction, on the abuses of human learning; and to make it the better received, they proposed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire), under the history of some feigned adventures. They had observed those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning; and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of Mr. Pope's friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one and the infirmities of the other, put a final stop to their project, when they had only drawn out one imperfect essay towards it, under the title of the first book of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Polite letters never lost more than in the defeat of this scheme, in which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment for that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. With they had all in equal measure; and this so large, as no age perhaps ever produced three men to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or art brought it to higher perfection, *Warburton*,

reckoned

reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers, in old time Princes of Verona), and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for such was the name of this venerable personage; whose glory it was, that, by the singular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different cast from his family.

His wife was a lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaspar Barthius. It happend on a time, the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely lady of his acquaintance, who was skilled in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his mistress. I am not ignorant of what Columesius * affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken, but he perceived it; and in revenge suffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the issue of that amour) was a living proof of the falshood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: besides which, her ancestors had been professors of physick, astrology, or chymistry, in German universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years; but this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compilance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were

* Columesius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his *Opuscula* p. 102. Pope.

yet unhappy, in that heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact precautions and methods he had used to procure that blessing: for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the generation of children of wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife, for almost the whole first year, to goats milk and honey*. It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat, which that author inveighs against us prejudicial to the understanding of the infant. This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childless, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miscarried; but as the abortion proved only a female foetus, he comforted himself, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have answered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the embryo in a vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he withheld the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the south; this author † asserting, that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at west; a wind on which the great philosopher bestowed the encomiums of father of the earth, breath of the Elysian fields, and other glorious eulogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the semina out of which animals are

* Galen. Lib. de Cibis boni et mali succi, cap. 3. *Pope.*

† Arist. xiv, Sect. Prob. 5. P.

produced, are animalcula ready formed, and received in with the air *.

Under these regulations, his wife, to his inexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and (what was no small addition to his happiness), he just then came to the possession of a considerable estate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up, on the one hand, how to employ his great riches; and, on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to set apart several annual sums, for the recovery of manuscripts, the effusion of coins, the procuring of mummies; and for all those curious discoveries, by which he hoped to become (as he himself was wont to say) a second Peireskius†. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child; yet was so far prepared for the worst that could happen, that, before the nine months were expired he had composed two treatises of education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirror*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of music once in twenty-four hours, according to the custom of the Magi: and that on a particular day‡, he was

* Religion of Nature, sect. 5. parag. 15: The seriousness with which this strange opinion, on so mysterious a point, is advanced, very well deserved this stroke of ridicule. *Pope and Warburton*.

† There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curiosity in that great man's character. *Warburton*.

‡ Ramsay's *Cyrus*. It is with judgement, that the authors chose rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the ancients from whence he took it; as it is a sure instance of folly, when amongst the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their absurdities. *Pope and Warburton*.

observed

observed to leap exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great Basilinus Valentinus.

The truth of this, and every preceding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the memoirs. But must be so ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's parish. But in the investigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day, as I was passing by the Seven Dials, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of nativity of a great astrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the codicil to Mr. Neale's will.

I appoint my executors to engrave the following inscription on the column in the centre of the seven streets which I erected.

LOC NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, because the executors durst not administer.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with

with prodigies : He himself has often told me, that, on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed she was brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a crab-tree *, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs. This sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his wit. A great swarm of Wasps †, played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides. This seemed a certain presage of the effects of his satire. A dunghill was seen within the space of one night covered all over with Mushrooms. This some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

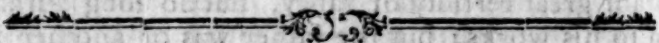
But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous fowl, which just then fell through the sky-light near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet: But on a nearer view, perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leash by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the art-military, his belly was filled with physic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the Doctor beheld, with great joy, a knot of logic, a

* Virgil's Laurel Donat. *Pope.*

† Plato, Lucan, &c. *Pope.*

Knot of metaphysic, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lanthorn of Jacob Behmen.

There went a report in the family, that, as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals: He cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a mag-pye, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass: And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer*.



CHAP. II.

The speech of Cornelius over his son, at the hour of his birth.

NO sooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the room, and snatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleased to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agefilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child so long, that the

* Vid. Eustath. in Odyss. l. xii, ex Alex. Paphio, & Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. *Pepe.*

midwife, grown out of all patience, snatched it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. "Swaddle him!" quoth he, "far be it from me to submit to such a pernicious custom! Is not my son a man? and is not man the lord of the universe? Is it thus you use this monarch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born: If you have no regard to his natural liberty, at least have some to his natural faculties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his fingers! a power, which, in the small circle of a year, may be totally abolished, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed nurse, for ever lie flat and immoveable. Not so the ancients; they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often described *arrectis auribus*." What a devil," quoth the midwife, "would you have your son move his ears like a drill?" "Yes, fool, (said he), "why should he not have the perfection of a drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose; "My dear, I have had many disputes with you upon this subject before I was a month gone: we have but one child, and cannot afford to throw him away upon experiments. I will have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home and always under mine own eye." All the gossips, with one voice, cried, Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner: "What! bred at home! Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first planted? No; to perambulate this terraqueous globe is too

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“ small a range; were it permitted, he should at
“ least make the tour of the whole system of the sun.
“ Let other mortals pore upon maps, and swallow
“ the legends of lying travellers, the son of Corne-
“ lius shall make his own legs his compasses; with
“ those he shall measure continents, islands, capes,
“ bays, streights, and isthmus’s: he shall himself
“ take the altitude of the highest mountains, from
“ the peak of Derby to the peak of Teneriff: when
“ he has visited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Cauca-
“ casus, and the famous Ararat, where Noah’s
“ ark first moored, he may take a slight view of
“ the snowy Riphæans; nor would I have him ne-
“ glect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poeti-
“ cal fictions. Those that vomit fire will deserve a
“ more particular attention: I will therefore have
“ him observe, with great care, Vesuvius, Ætna,
“ the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla
“ the greatest rarity in the northern regions. Then
“ he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the
“ Mephitic cave. When he has dived into the
“ bowels of the earth, and surveyed the works of
“ Nature under ground, and instructed himself
“ fully in the nature of vulcanos, earthquakes,
“ thunders, tempests, and hurricanes, I hope he
“ will bless the world with a more exact survey of
“ the desarts of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet
“ we are able to obtain. Then will I have him
“ cross the seven gulphs, measure the currents in
“ the fifteen famous streights, and search for those
“ fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of
“ the ocean.”—At these last words Mrs. Scrible-
rus fell into a trembling: the description of this
terrible scene made too violent an impression upon
a woman in her condition, and threw her into a
strong hysteric fit; which might have proved dan-
gerous, if Cornelius had not been pushed out of
the room by the united force of the women.



C H A P. III.

Shewing what befell the Doctor's son and his shield, on the day of christening.

THE day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some antient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield; and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield, had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it *, proving, from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests: though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust), and entrusted it to his housemaid, with orders, that, when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue sattin.

* See the dissertation on Dr. Woodward's shield.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *Triclinium*, and the manner of *Decubitus* of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner.

“ This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomists examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus !”

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child. He took it in his arms and proceeded.

“ Behold then my child, but first behold the shield; behold this rust — or rather let me call it this precious ærugo, --- behold this beautiful varnish of time, --- this venerable verdure of so many ages — !”

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle, which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till, on sight of the whole, the tremor became universal. The shield and the infant both dropt to the ground; and he had only strength enough to cry out, “ O God! my shield, my shield !”

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for

for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour,) had scoured it as clean as her andirons *.

Cornelius sunk back in a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squawled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the Doctor in a trance. Hungry water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him: when, opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the housemaid. "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and snatched it violently from her,) "was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and fingers, as it were, of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? All this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some taking for the *cuspis* of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others accounting the *insignia virilia*, pronounced it to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shewn to be the head of a nail. O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta Pavula*."

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a right cleanly wench, I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about a bason, that an hour ago, before this la-

* Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd. Pope.

“bour was bestowed upon it, a country-barber
 “would not have hung at his shop-door.” “A
 “bason!” (cried another,) “no such matter; it is
 “nothing but a paultry old sconce, with the noz-
 “zle broke off.” The learned gentlemen, who till
 now had stood speechless, hereupon looking nar-
 rowly on the shield, declared their assent to this lat-
 ter opinion, and desired Cornelius to be comforted,
 assuring him that it was a sconce, and no other.
 But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor
 into such a violent fit of passion, that he was car-
 ried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, be-
 ing quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.



C H A P. IV.

*Of the suction and nutrition of the great Scriblerus in
 his infancy, and of the first rudiments of his learn-
 ing.*

AS soon as Cornelius awaked, he raised himself
 on his elbow, and casting his eyes on Mrs.
 Scriblerus, spoke as follows: “Wisely was it said
 “by Homer, that in the cellar of Jupiter are two
 “barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which
 “he never bestows on mortals separately, but con-
 “stantly mingles them together. Thus at the same
 “time hath Heaven blessed me with the birth of a
 “son, and afflicted me with the scouring of my
 “shield. Yet let us not repine at his dispensations,
 “who gives, and who takes away; but rather join
 “in prayer, that the rust of antiquity, which he
 “hath been pleased to take from my shield, may
 “be added to my son; and that so much of it, as
 “it is my purpose he shall contract in his educa-
 “tion,

“tion, may never be destroyed by any modern polishing.”

He could no longer bear the sight of the shield, but ordered it should be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchased by Dr. Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp, incrusted it with a new rust, and is the same whereof a cut hath been engraved, and exhibited, to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of his child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurse, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef; and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect. “Hadst thou read the ancients, O nurse, thou wouldst prefer the welfare of the infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a robustness on the limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his intellectuals.” While he spoke this, the nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the beef.—“Passion” (continued the Doctor, still holding the dish,) “throws the mind into too violent a fermentation; it is a kind of fever of the soul, or, as Horace expresses it, a *short madness*. Consider, woman, that this day’s suction of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovernable passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a philosopher. Romulus, by sucking a wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition; and were I to breed some Ottoman emperor, or founder of a military commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appetite.”—What! interrupted the nurse, beef spoil the understanding!

derstanding! that's fine indeed—How then could our parson preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Do not tell me of your ancients; had not you almost killed the poor babe with a dish of dæmonial black broth?—"Lacedæmonian black broth, thou wouldst say," (replied Cornelius); "but I cannot allow the surfeit to have been occasioned by that diet, since it was recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No, nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before, and that was the real cause of his disorder. Consider, woman, the different temperaments of different nations. What makes the English phlegmatic and melancholy, but beef? what renders the Welsh so hot and choleric, but cheese and leeks? the French derive their levity from the soups, frogs, and mushrooms? I would not let my son dine like an Italian, lest, like an Italian, he should be jealous and revengeful; the warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might endue him with a profound gravity, but at the same time he might suck in with their food their intolerable vice of pride. Therefore, nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you at present, not only beef, but likewise whatsoever any of those nations eat." During this speech, the nurse remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman observing, ordered that the child, to avoid the risk of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looseness; but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompensed by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he consisted

fisted every day upon a particular diet to be observed by the nurse; under which, having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the paps of a sow with pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her sex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his catechism. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of instruction; and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the puppet show of the creation of the world, where the child, with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the history of the Bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of raree shows, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In short, the old gentleman so contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of cloaths, which might give some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts, and Flanders lace, English cloth, lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." He never gave him a fig or an orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural history he was much assisted by his curiosity in signposts, insomuch that he hath often confessed, he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found since in any author, such as
white

white lions, golden dragons, &c. He once thought the fame of green men, but had since found them mentioned by Kerrherus, and verified in the history of William of Newbury *.

His disposition to the mathematics, was discovered very early, by his drawing parallel † lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. But, in the midst of all these improvements, a stop was put to his learning the alphabet; nor would he let him proceed to letter D, till he could truly and distinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also obliged to delay his learning to write, having turned away the writing-master, because he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

Cornelius having read and seriously weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated ‡, and resolving, in some degree, to exceed them, resolved he should speak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and especially the Greek; in which he constantly eat and drank according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this language, was his love of gingerbread; which his father observing caused it to be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child, the very first day, eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attained so great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingeniously confesses he durst not confer

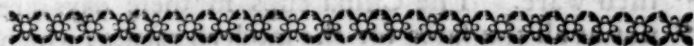
* Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27. *Pope*.

† Pascal's Life—Locke of Educat. &c.—There are some extravagant lies told of the excellent Pascal's amazing genius for mathematics in his early youth; and some trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of science, in Mr. Locke's book of Education. *Pope* and *Warburton*.

‡ Who was taught Latin in his nurse's arms, and not suffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could speak the other perfectly. *Warburton*.

with this child in Greek at eight years old *; and at fourteen he composed a tragedy in the same language, as the younger Pliny † had done before him.

He learned the oriental languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early a relish for the eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed (in imitation of it,) the *thousand and one Arabian tales*, and also the *Persian tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own, with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little assisted by the historical traditions of his nurse.



C H A P. V.

A dissertation upon play-things.

HERE follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be used by his son Martin.

“ Play was invented by the Lydians as a remedy
“ against hunger. Sophocles says of Palamedes
“ that he invented Dice to serve sometimes instead
“ of a dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by
“ nature, that children, as they have the keenest
“ appetites, are most addicted to plays. From the
“ same cause, and from the unprejudiced and in-

* So Montaigne says of his Latin—“ George Buchanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domestiques, m'ont dit souvent, que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance si prest et si à main, qu'ils craignoient a m'accoster.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea jusque à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'usage, plusieurs appellations Latines d'Artisans et d'outils.” Warburton.

† Plin. Epist. lib. vii. Pope.

“ corrupt

“ corrupt simplicity of their minds, it proceeds,
 “ that the plays of the ancient children are pre-
 “ served more entire than any other of their cus-
 “ toms *. In this matter I would recommend to
 “ all who have any concern in my son’s education,
 “ that they deviate not in the least from the pri-
 “ mitive and simple antiquity.

“ To speak first of the *whistle*, as it is the first of
 “ all play-things: I will have it exactly to corre-
 “ spond with the ancient *fistula*, and accordingly to
 be composed *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

“ I heartily wish a diligent search may be made
 “ after the true *crepitaculum* or *rattle* of the anci-
 “ ents, for that (as Archytas Tarentinus was of
 “ opinion,) kept the children from breaking ear-
 “ then ware. The China cups in these days are
 “ not at all the safer for the modern rattles; which
 “ is an evident proof how far their *crepitacula* ex-
 “ ceeded ours.

“ I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a
 “ *top*, till I am better informed whether the *trochus*,
 “ which was recommended by Cato, be really our
 “ present top, or rather the hoop which the boys
 “ drive with a stick. Neither cross and pile, nor
 “ ducks and drakes, are quite so ancient as handy-
 “ dandy, though Macrobius and St. Augustine
 “ take notice of the first, and Minutius Felix de-
 “ scribes the latter; but handy-dandy is mentioned
 “ by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

“ The play which the Italians call *cinque*, and the
 “ French *mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was
 “ played at by Hymen and Cupid at the marriage
 “ of Psyche, and termed by the Latins, *digitis mi-*
 “ *care*.

“ Julius Pollux describes the *omilla* or *chuck-far*.

* Dr. Arbuthnot used to say, that, notwithstanding all the boasts
 of the safe conveyance of tradition, it was no where preserved pure
 and uncorrupt but amongst children; whose games and plays are de-
 livered down invariably from one generation to another. Warburton.

“ *thing*; though some will have our modern chuck-farthing to be nearer the *aphetinda* of the ancients. He also mentions the *basilinda*, or king I am; and *myinda*, or hoopers-hide.

“ But the *chytrindra* described by the same author, is certainly not our hot-cockle; for that was by pinching, and not by striking; though there are good authors who affirm the *rathapygismus* to be yet nearer the modern hot-cockles. My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antic.

“ *Building of houses*, and *riding upon sticks*, have been used by children in all ages, *Ædificare casas*, *equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether the riding upon sticks did not come in to use after the age of the centaurs.

“ There is one play which shews the gravity of ancient education, called the *acinetinda*, in which children contend who could longest stand still. This we have suffered to perish entirely; and, if I might be allowed to guess, it was certainly first lost among the French.

“ I will permit my son to play at *apodidasinda*, which can be no other than our puss in a corner.

“ Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks of the *melolonthē*, or the kite; but I question whether the kite of antiquity was the same with ours: and though the *Ορετρογονομία*, or quail-fighting, is what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless cock-matches also, as is evident from certain ancient gems and relievos.

“ In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any game truly antic, except one, which was invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their companions in a rope, and gave him a knife to cut himself down; which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead; and this was only reckoned a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

“I cannot conclude, without taking notice of
 “the beauty of the Greek names, whose etymolo-
 “gies acquaint us with the nature of the sports;
 “and how infinitely, both in sense and sound, they
 “excel our barbarous names of plays.”

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the child the use of some few modern play things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that marbles taught him percussion and the laws of motion; nut-crackers the use of the lever; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance: bottle-screws, the vice; whirligigs, the axis and peritrochia: bird-cages, the pulley; and tops, the centrifugal motion.

Others of his sports were further carried to improve his tender soul even in virtue and morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, bob-cherry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of stealing, according to the custom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.



CHAP. VI.

Of the gymnastics, in what exercises Martinus was educated; something concerning music, and what sort of a man his uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest antiquity, in relation

to the exercises of his son. He was stript, powdered, and anointed, but not constantly bathed, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the laundress about dirtying his linen. When he played at quoits, he was allowed his breeches and stockings; because the *discoboli* (as Cornelius well knew,) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern sports and common customs: but this was his constant reply, "Let a daughter be the care of her mother, but the education of a son should be the delight of his father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the harpastus of the ancients was yet in use in Cornwall, and known there by the name of hurling. He was sensible the common foot-ball was a very imperfect imitation of that exercise; and thought it necessary to send Martin into the west, to be initiated in that truly antient and manly part of the gymnastics. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a slight ailment, and promised his mother he would instantly cure it. He slit a green reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words *, *Daries, daries, astataries, disjunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, ista, pista, pista, domi, aba, damnaustra*. But finding, to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her son to the like dangerous exercises for the future, proposed to send for a dancing-master, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadoon, "Dancing" (quoth Cornelius) "I much approve,

* Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xvii. "in fine, Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inferere non equidem serio ausim. quanquam a Catone prodita. Vid. Caton. de re rust. c. 166. Pope,

“ for *Socrates* said the best dancers were the best
 “ warriors; but not those species of dancing which
 “ you mention; they are certainly corruptions of
 “ the comic and satyric dance, which were utterly
 “ disliked by the founder ancients. Martin shall
 “ learn the tragic dance only, and I will send all
 “ over Europe, till I find an antiquary able to in-
 “ struct him in the *sultatio Pyrrhica*. Scaliger †,
 “ from whom my son is lineally descended, boasts
 “ to have performed this warlike dance in the pre-
 “ sence of the emperor, to the great admiration of
 “ all Germany. What would he say, could he
 “ look down and see one of his posterity so igno-
 “ rant, as not to know the least step of that noble
 “ kind of saltation.”

The poor lady was at last inured to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that “ spleen, garter, and girdle
 “ are the three impediments to the *curfus*.” There-
 fore Pliny (lib. xi. c. 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their spleen cauterized. “ My
 “ son” (quoth Cornelius) “ runs but heavily;
 “ therefore I will have this operation performed
 “ upon him immediately. Moreover, it will cure
 “ that immoderate laughter to which I perceive he
 “ is addicted: for laughter” (as the same author hath it, *ibid.*) “ is caused by the bigness of the
 “ spleen.” This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent to his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opini-

† Scalig. Poetic. l. b. i. c. 9. “ Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos
 “ saepe et diu jussu Bonifacii patrum, coram Divo Maximiliano, non
 “ sine stupore totius Germaniae, repraesentavimus. Quo tempore
 “ vox illa imperatoris, hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis
 “ habuit.” *Pope*.

ons, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted the entire quota of his viscera. "What does it signify (quoth Albertus), "whether my nephew excels in the *curfus* or not? Speed is often a symptom of cowardice, witness hares and deer."—"Do not forget Achilles" (quoth Cornelius). "I know that running has been condemned by the proud Spartans, as useless in war; and yet Demosthenes could say, *Ανὴρ ὁ Φευγὼν καὶ παλιν μαχόμενος*; a thought which the English Hudibras has well rendered.

*For he that runs may fight again;
Which he can never do that's slain.*

"That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray consider on the other side, that animals * spleened grow extremely salacious, an experiment well known in dogs." Cornelius was struck with this, and replied gravely; "If it be so, I will defer the operation, for I will not increase the powers of my son's body at the expense of those of his mind. I am indeed disappointed in most of my projects, and fear I must sit down at last contented with such methods of education as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it been for us all had we lived in the age of Augustus! Then my son might have heard the philosophers dispute in the porticos of the Palæstra, and at the same time formed his body and his understanding." "It is true, (replied Albertus) we have no *exedra* for the philosophers, adjoining

* Blackmore's Essay on Spleen. Pope.

“ to our tennis-courts ; but there are ale-houses
 “ where he will hear very notable argumentations.
 “ Though we come not up to the ancients in the
 “ tragic-dance, we excell them in the *xvθισμὸς* or
 “ the art of tumbling. The ancients would have
 “ beat us at quoits, but not so much at the *jaculum*
 “ or pitching the bar. The *pugilatus* † is in as
 “ great perfection in England as in old Rome, and
 “ the cornish hug in the *luctus* ‡ is equal to the
 “ *volutatoria* of the ancients.” “ You could not
 “ (answered Cornelius) have produced a more un-
 “ lucky instance of modern folly and barbarity;
 “ than what you say of the *jaculum*. The Cretans
 “ wisely forbid their servants gymnastics as well as
 “ arms ||, and yet our modern footmen exercise
 “ themselves daily in the *jaculum* at the corner of
 “ Hyde-park, whilst their enervated lords are lol-
 “ ling in their chariots, (a species of veſtitation
 “ seldom used amongst the ancients, except by
 “ old men).” “ You say well (quoth Albertus,)
 “ and we have several other kinds of veſtitation
 “ unknown to the ancients, particularly flying cha-
 “ riots, where the people have the benefit of this
 “ exercise at the small expence of a farthing. But
 “ suppose (which I readily grant) that the ancients
 “ excelled us in almost every thing, yet why this
 “ singularity ? your son must take up with such
 “ masters as the present age affords ; we have
 “ dancing-masters, writing-masters, and music-
 “ masters.”

The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into
 a passion. “ How can you dignify (quoth he) this
 “ modern fiddling with the name of music ? Will
 “ any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf now
 “ a-days with no other arms but their instruments,
 “ as did that ancient piper Pythocharis ? Have

† Fifty Cuffs. Pope.

‡ Wrestling. Pope.

|| Aristot. Politic. lib. ii, cap. 3. Pope.

“ ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales
 “ or turbot, shewed the least emotion at the most
 “ elaborate strains of your modern scrapers, all
 “ which have been, as it were, tamed and huma-
 “ nized by ancient musicians? Does not *Ælian* *
 “ tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to
 “ horning by music? (which ought in truth to be a
 “ caution to modest women against frequenting
 “ operas; and consider, brother, you are brought
 “ to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of
 “ the ladies, or the power of your music). Whence
 “ proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? It is
 “ not from the loss of ancient music, by which
 “ (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? Else
 “ might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian
 “ musicians, who should teach moral virtues to
 “ these people. Whence comes it that our pre-
 “ sent diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that
 “ I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! be-
 “ cause we have lost their true cure by the melody
 “ of the pipe. All this was well known by the an-
 “ cients, as Theophrastus † assures us, (whence
 “ *Cælius* ‡ calls it *loca dolentia decantare*); only in-
 “ deed some small remains of this skill are preserv-
 “ ed in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Py-
 “ thagoras || stop a company of drunken bullies
 “ from storming a civil house, by changing the
 “ strain of the pipe to the sober spondæus? and
 “ yet our modern musicians want art to defend
 “ their windows from common nickers. It is well
 “ known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob were
 “ up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musician
 “ to appease them, and they immediately grew
 “ calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing *: yet

* *Ælian*. Hist. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18, and lib. xii. cap. 44.

† *Athenæus*, lib. xiv. Pope.

‡ Lib. de sanitate tuenda, cap. 2. Pope.

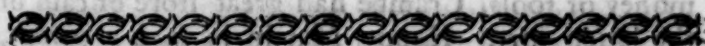
|| *Quintilian*, lib. i. cap. 10. Pope.

* *Suidas* in *Timotheo*. Pope.

" I do not believe, that the Pope's whole band of
 " music, though the best of this age, could keep
 " his Holiness's image from being burnt on the
 " fifth of November." " Nor would Terpander
 " himself, (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor
 " Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any
 " manner of effect, nor both of them together
 " bring Horneck † to common civility " That's
 " a gross mistake, (said Cornelius very warmly);
 " and to prove it so, I have here a small lyra of
 " my own, framed, strung, and tuned after the
 " ancient manner. I can play some fragments of
 " Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them
 " upon the most passionate creatures alive."—
 " You never had a better opportunity (says Alber-
 " tus, for yonder are two apple-women scolding,
 " and just ready to uncoil one another." With
 that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into
 his balcony, his lyra in his hand, in his slippers, with
 his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stock-
 ing upon his head, and waist-coat of murrey-co-
 loured sattin upon his body; he touched his lyra
 with a very unusual sort of an harpegiatura, nor
 were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the
 uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man
 and of the music, drew the ears and eyes of the
 whole mob that were got about the two female
 champions, and at last of the combatants them-
 selves. They all approached the balcony, in as
 close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle,
 or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite
 air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his
 music encouraged him mightily, and it was observ-
 ed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chro-
 matic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occa-
 sion, The mob laughed, sung, jumped, and dan-

† Horneck, a scurrilous scribler, who wrote a weekly paper, called
 the High German Doctor. *Pope.*

ced, and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of the Ionian: in that, you see the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones. Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother, said he, do you observe, I have mixed unawares too much of the Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers. But it is enough. Learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre, in my unskilful hands, can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient tibicen to calm his temper.



C H A P. VII.

Rhetoric, logic, and metaphysics.

CORNELIUS having, as hath been said, many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his son, thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper, in the first place, to instruct him in rhetoric. But herein we shall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable discourse *περί Βαβυλ*, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his

his extreme partiality for the ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live poets of this present age. We proceed, therefore, to logic and metaphysics.

The wise Cornelius was convinced, that these being polemical arts, could no more be learned alone, than fencing or cudgel playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of the most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who, by the father's side, was related to the Crouches of Cambridge, and his mother was cousin to Mr. Swan, gamester and punster of the city of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with words, which, as they are said to be the counters of wise men, and ready money of fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a parent, and such a companion ! what might not he atchieve in arts and sciences !

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the use only of one operation of the intellect, though, like short-sighted men, they can hardly discover it themselves: they can form single apprehensions *, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now, as it is wisely ordered, that people deprived of one sense have the others in more perfection, such peo-

* When a learned friend once urged to our author the authority, of a famous dictionary maker against the Latinity of the expression, *amor publicus*, which he had used in an inscription, he replied, that he would allow a dictionary maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together. Warburton.

ple will form single ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they could confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia*, much less argumentations.

Cornelius quickly discovered, that these two last operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguished in Crambe; however, he used to say, that rules of logic are spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in sensible objects, that he demanded examples from material things of the abstracted ideas of logic. As for Crambe, he contented himself with the words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not singular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said, that a man is not the same he was; that madmen are besides themselves, and drunken men come to themselves; which shows, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality *. Cornelius told Martin, that a shoulder of mutton was an individual; which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons: that is true, quoth the tutor, but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: if it could, quoth Crambe, it would be the most lovely individual of the university. When he was told, a substance was that which was subject to accidents; then soldiers, quoth Crambe, are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*,

* "But if it be possible for the same man to have distinct incommunicable consciousness at different times, it is without doubt the same man would, at different times, make different persons, Which we see is the sense of mankind in not punishing the mad-man for the sober man's actions, nor the sober man for what the mad-man did, thereby making them two persons; which is somewhat explained by our way of speaking in English, when they say such an one is not himself, or is beside himself." Lock's Essay on Hum. Under. book ii. c. 27. Warburton.

that it could be present or absent without the destruction of the subject; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that Cornelius informed him, that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall amongst the logical prædicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images. Thus calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the Bear-garden? the man answered he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher; the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth Cornelius,) how the fellow runs through the prædicaments. Men, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; serjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, *ubi*; two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*." At the same time he warned Martin, that what he now learned as a logician, he must forget as a natural philosopher; that though he now taught him that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret; for Martin could not conceive, how a habit of dancing inhered in the dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteristics of relations. Crambe used to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenances; that, in this last case, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and

correlatum. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth prædicament. Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was; for his cloaths could better subsist without him, than he without his cloaths.

Martin supposed an universal man to be like a knight of a shire, or burghers of a corporation, that represented a great many individuals. His father asked him, if he could not frame the idea of an universal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his fur gown, and gold chain; nay, that the horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little disturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to show himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or any body; which he supposed was the abstract of a Lord Mayor*. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying rascal; that an *universale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no such thing in reality, or a *parte rei*. But I can prove, quoth Crambe, that there are *clysters a parte rei*, but *clysters are universales*; ergo. Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum est inesse multis*, is an *universale* by definition: but every clyster before it is administered has that quality; therefore every clyster is an *universale*.

He also found fault with the advertisements, that they were not strict logical definitions: in an advertisement of a dog stolen or strayed, he said it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal of the genus ca-*

* This is not a fair representation of what is said in the Essay on Human Understanding, concerning general and abstract ideas. But serious writers have done that philosopher the same injustice. Warburton.

ninum, &c. Cornelius told them, that though these advertisements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only descriptions of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. “An Italian greyhound, of a mouse colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a lady. Greyhound, *genus*; mouse-coloured, &c. *differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to such a lady, *proprium*.

Though I am afraid I have transgressed upon my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's Treatise of Syllogisms. He supposed that a philosopher's brain was like a great forest, where ideas ranged like animals of several kinds: that those ideas copulated, and engendered conclusions; that when those of different species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissa*, or predecessors of the conclusion; and it is properly said by the logicians, *quod pariant scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal propositions are persons of quality: and therefore in logic they are said to be of the first figure. Singular propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles, all the rules of syllogisms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From universal premisses there follows an universal

versal conclusion; as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.

III. From the singular premisses follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.

IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *individua vaga* are (like whoremasters and common strumpets,) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premisses, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.

IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.

X. When the premisses or parents are necessarily joined, (or in lawful wedlock,) they beget lawful issue; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.

So much for the affirmative propositions; the negative must be deferred to another occasion.

Crambe used to value himself upon this system, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *Such a one as a barren imagination*; and how common is it for such people to adopt conclusions that are not the issue of their premisses? therefore as an absurdity is a monster, a falsity is a bastard; and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premisses, may properly be said to be adopted. But then what is an enthymem, (quoth Cornelius)? Why, an enthymem (replied Crambe,)

is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage kept secret.

Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logic had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe used to engage like any prize-fighters, before their father, and his other learned companions of the symposiasts. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler, or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter et secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: but it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those distinctions, the arguments cut so deep, that they fetched blood at every stroke: Their theses were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the reader a taste of some of them.

- I. If the innate desire of the knowledge of metaphysics was the cause of the fall of Adam: and the *arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed*.
- II. If transcendental goodness could be truly predicated of the devil? *affirmed*.
- III. Whether one, or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the motion of many? *Suarez*.
- IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *affirmed*.
- V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falsities? *affirmed*.
- VI. Whether God loves a possible angel better than an actually-existent fly? *denied*.
- VII. If angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas*.
- VIII. If angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas*.
- IX. Whether every angel hears what one angel says to another? *denied*. *Aquinas*.

X. IF

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the creation was finished in six days, because six is the most perfect number, or if six be the most perfect number, because the creation was finished in six days? *Aquinas.*

There were several others, of which in the course of the life of this learned person we may have occasion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter esse reale actualis essentiæ sit aliud esse necessarium quo res actualiter existat?* In English thus. Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to banish metaphysics out of Spain, which it was supposed might be effectuated by this method: that no boy should use any compound or decompound of the substantial verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a metaphysician from *ens, essentia, entitas, subsistentia, &c.* there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that substantial forms, a race of harmless beings which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor philosophers, should be now hunted down like so many wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He considered that it had gone much harder with them than with essences, which had retired from the schools into the apothecaries shops, where some of them had been advanced into the degree of quintessences. He thought there

should be a retreat for poor substantial forms, amongst the gentlemen-ushers at court; and that there were indeed substantial forms, such as forms of prayer, and forms of government, without which the things themselves could never long subsist. He also used to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a fourth figure in logic, as well as for those who should discover the longitude.



C H A P. VIII.

A N A T O M Y.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the ancients; and, if they contradicted each other, his reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquished in a dispute; from which quality he acquired the title of *invincible Doctor*. While the professor of anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of intestines, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *colon* and the *aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: "say what you please," he replied, "this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion." "You may, with equal reason, (answered the professor,) affirm, that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood." "Ocular demonstration, (said Cornelius,) seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up: show me any viscus of a human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If Nature shews such variety in the same age, why may

may she not have extended it further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian; of the strength of Sampson, or the size of the giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation of men may differ from the ancients? the moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminished the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe, with Hippocrates, that the blood of the ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Consider how luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them, not improbably altered the whole course of the fluids. Consider how the current of mighty rivers, nay the very channels of the ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can you be so vain to imagine that the microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible conjectures may be made even as to the time when the blood first began to circulate." Such disputes as these frequently perplexed the professor to that degree, that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the body of a malefactor, he hired a room for its dissection near the pest fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn-road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed,) carried it thither about 12 a clock at night in a hackney-coach, few housekeepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark with the dead man in his arms, his burden had like to have slipped from him, which he (to save from falling,) grasped so hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *anus*, with a noise exactly like the *trepitus* of a living man.

Crambe

Grambe (who could not comprehend how this part of the animal œconomy could remain in a dead man,) was so terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his philosophy could not prevail upon him to return to his post. "You may say what you please, (quoth Crambe,) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seemed to be mightily relieved by it." The rolling of the corpse down stairs made such a noise that it awaked the whole house. The maid shrieked, the landlady cried out, thieves: but the landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid with only a single petticoat ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and listened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner, one step after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpse unknown. The wife ran into the street and cried out, murder! The watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The watch imagined they were making their escape, seized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring justice; where, upon searching them, several kinds of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The justice first examined Crambe. "What is your name?" says the justice. "I have acquired (quoth Crambe,) no great name as yet; they call me Crambe, or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to posterity." "What is yours and your master's profession?" "It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injured us; we rip up big-bellied women, and tear children limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but

but the justice being strangely astonish'd with the frankness of Crambe's confession, order'd him to proceed; upon which he made the following speech:

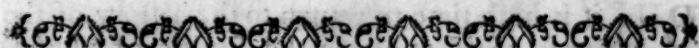
"May it please your Worship, as touching the body of this man, I can answer each head that my accusers alledge against me, to a hair. They have hitherto talk'd like num-skulls without brains; but if your worship will not only give ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, who now stand cheek by jowl by your Worship. I will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have not opened their lips without a falsity; though they have shew'd their teeth as if they would bite off my nose. Now, Sir, that I may fairly slip my neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may not be slightly skimmed over. Though I have no man here to back me, I will unbosom myself, since truth is on my side, and shall give them their bellies full, though they think they have me upon the hip. Whereas they say I came into their lodgings, with arms, and murdered this man without their privy, I declare I had not the least finger in it; and since I am to stand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter shall be left till I set it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and guts bear this usage: I shall not spare my lungs to defend my good name: I was ever reckon'd a good liver; and I think I have the bowels of compassion. I ask but justice, and from the crown of my head, to the sole of my foot, I shall ever acknowledge myself your Worship's humble servant."

The justice stared, the landlord and landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talk'd in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with

with great difficulty that the justice was convinced, till they sent for the finisher of human laws, of whom the corpse had been purchased; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a passion at Crambe. "What dæmon, (he cried,) hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning? Neither my counsel nor my example have thus misled thee; thou governest thyself by most erroneous maxims." "Far from it, (answers Crambe,) my life is as orderly as my dictionary, for by my dictionary I order my life. I have made a kalendar of radical words for all the seasons, months, and days of the year: every day I am under the dominion of a certain word; but this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am governed by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals, rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *led*? Our noblemen and drunkards are pimp led, physicians and pulses feeled, their patients and oranges pil-led, a new married man and an ass are bride-led, an old married man and a pack-horse sad-led, cats and dice are rat-led, swine and nobility are sty-led, a coquette and a tinder-box are sparkled, a lover and a blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious"—"Which thou art (replied Martin, stamping with his foot,) which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable." "There it is now, (interrupted Crambe,) this is our day for *uns*! Martin could bear no longer; however, composing his countenance, "Come hither, (he cried,) "there are five pounds, 17 shillings, and nine pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours." Poor Crambe,

Crambe, upon the receipt of his salary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words: "O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, it is a crime I have learned from thee! O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I biaffed."—Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of orators, and even a sage of Greece had punned,) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe in his service.



C H A P. IX.

How Martinus became a great Critic.

IT was a most peculiar talent in Martinus, to convert every trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and studies of Martinus. He conceived, that somewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of assembling parallel sounds, either syllables, or words, might conduce to the emendation and correction of ancient authors, if applied to their works with the same diligence and the same liberty. He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence: concluding, that, if the most correct authors could be so served, with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of all the rest would easily follow; where a new, a vast, nay boundless field of glory would be opened to the true and absolute critic.

This specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the addenda to his notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B——ley, and Francis H——re, And we have convincing proof, that the late edition of Milton, published in the name of the former,

of

of these, was, in truth, the work of no other than our Scriblerus.



CHAP. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon practice of physic, and how he applied himself to the diseases of the mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the history of the progress of Martinus in the studies of physic, and to enumerate some at least of the many discoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the first was, his method of investigating latent distempers, by the sagacious quality of setting dogs and pointers. The success and adventures that befel him, when he walked with these animals, to smell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a list of those gentlemen and ladies at whom they made a full set, will be published in time convenient. There will also be added the representation, which, on occasion of one distemper which was become almost epidemical, he thought himself obliged to lay before both houses of parliament, intituled *A proposal for a general flux, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.*

But being weary of all practice on foetid bodies; from a certain niceness of constitution (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a twelve months course of vomition), he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the mind. He attempted to find out specifics for all the passions; and as other physicians throw their patients into sweats, vomits, purgations, &c. he cast them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c. And indeed the great irregularity of

the passions in the English nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole studies, while he continued among us to the diseases of the mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquired skill in anatomy. He considered virtues and vices as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and structure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies because it has wings, a duck swims because it is web-footed: And there can be no question but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and masseter-muscles* in lions and tygers, are the cause of the great and habitual immortality of those animals.

1st, He observed, that the soul and body mutually operate upon each other; and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward instruments whereby she usually expresseth that passion, you will in time abate the passion itself, in like manner as castration abates lust.

2^{dly}, That the soul in mankind expresseth every passion by the motion of some particular muscles.

3^{dly}, That all muscles grow stronger and thicker by being much used; therefore the habitual passions may be discerned in particular persons by the strength and bigness of the muscles used in the expression of that passion.

4^{thly}, That a muscle may be strengthened or weakened by weakening or strengthening the force of its antagonist. These things premised, he took notice,

That complaisance, humility, assent, approbation, and civility, were expressed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: On the con-

* *Μασσητήρες μύες,*

trary, dissent, dislike, refusal, pride, and arrogance, were marked by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards: Which two passions of assent and dissent the Latins rightly expressed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now, he observed that complaisant and civil people had the flexors of the head very strong; but in the proud and insolent, there was a great overballance of strength in the extensors of the neck and the muscles of the back, from whence they perform, with great facility, the motion of tossing, but with great difficulty that of bowing, and therefore have justly acquired the title of stiff-necked; in order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he judged that the pair of muscles called *recti interni*, the mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, must be strengthened; their antagonists, the *splenii complexi*, and the extensors of the spine weakened; for which purpose nature herself seems to have directed mankind to correct this muscular immorality by tying such fellows neck and heels.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious custom of mothers, who abolish the natural signature of modesty in their daughters, by teaching them tossing and bridling, rather than the bashful posture of stooping, and hanging down the head. Martinus charged all husbands to take notice of the posture of the head of such as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor muscles so strong, that they are always bowing and cringing, he supposed might in some measure, be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was strongly confirmed by his observing the strength of the *levator scapulae*: This muscle is called the muscle of patience, because in that affection of mind, people shrug and raise up the shoulders to the tip of the

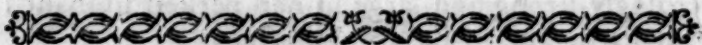
the ear. This muscle also he observed to be exceedingly strong and large in hen-pecked husbands in Italians, and in English ministers:

In pursuance of this theory, he supposed the constrictors of the eye-lids, must be strengthened in the supercilious, the abductors in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the same steady and grave motion of the eye. That the buccinators or blowers up of the cheeks, and the dilators of the nose, were too strong in choleric people; and therefore nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by pulling by the nose.

The rolling amorous eye, in the passion of love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glasses. Impertinent fellows that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the calves of their legs, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two cases which he reckoned extremely difficult. First, affectation, in which there were so many muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate laughter; when any of that risible species were brought to the Doctor, and when he considered what an infinity of muscles these laughing rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time; whether we regard the spasms of the diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *riētus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower-jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or spherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous succession of the whole human body: when he considered, I say, all this he used to cry out *Casus plane deplorabilis!* and gave such patients over.



C H A P. XI.

The case of a young Nobleman at court, with the Doctor's prescription for the same.

AN eminent instance of Martinus's sagacity in discovering the distempers of the mind, appeared in the case of a young Nobleman at court, who was observed to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none but flatterers, poets, and pick-pockets ; till his relations and old acquaintance judged him to be so far gone, as to be a fit patient for the Doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be love.

His friends assured him, that they had, with great care, observed all his motions, and were perfectly satisfied there was no woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. "How can that be," (said his-aunt, who came to ask the advice) "when he converses almost with none but himself?" Say you so? he replied, why then he is in love with himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonished, people do not enough attend to this disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same cure with the other, especially since here the case of the patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people who discover, from their

their very youth, a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nursed by such mothers, as, with their good will, would never suffer their children to be crossed in love. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives), are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices; speaking a good word for the party, and carry about billet-doux: Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses? "O Lord? Sir," (quoth the aunt), "the house is haunted with "them."—There it is, replied Scriblerus, these, are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are there no civil ladies, that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my nephew is not awkward."—Look you Madam, this is a misfortune to him: in former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies so.—Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of? himself, quoth the aunt. Whose wit and breeding does he most commend? His own, quoth the aunt.—Whom does he write letters to? Himself.—Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking glass.—Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blest with a smile of himself, as he passes by.—Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.—Have you observed him to use familiarities with any body? "With none but himself: he often embraces "himself with folded arms, he claps his hand of-

“ten upon his hip, nay, sometimes thrusts it in—
“to his breast.”

Madam, said the Doctor, all these are strong symptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any love-toys; such as gold snuff-boxes, repeating watches, or tweezer-cases: these are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart. “Not only so,” (said the aunt), “but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond-ring for his own wearing.”—Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose—Pray Madam, a word or two more: is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? “by no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a box on the ear.”—Then the case is plain: he has the true pathognomic sign of love, jealousy; for no body will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love; but then they keep a very secret intrigue with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this patient has not the least care of the reputation of his beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almost past cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

First, Let him *** *Hiatus* *** Secondly, Let him wear a bob-wig. Thirdly, Shun the company of flatterers, nay, of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travelled over England in a stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a track-scouts. Let him

him return the snuff boxes, tweezer-cases (and particularly the diamond-ring) which he has received from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile qualities of this mistress of his: let him be shewn that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread: let it be proved, that he has been false to himself, and if treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a mistress, what is? In short, let him be made to see, that no mortal, besides himself, either loves or can suffer this creature. Let all looking glasses, polished toys, and even clean plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprize the beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked stradling animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot belly. It would be yet better, if he took a strong purge once a-week, in order to contemplate himself in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make use of the letters, dedications, &c. abovesaid. Something like this has been observed by Lucretius and others, to be a powerful remedy in the case of women. If all this will not do, I must even leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him marry himself, and when he is condemned eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the fate of most violent self-lovers.



C H A P. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the seat of the soul, and of his correspondence with the Free-thinkers.

IN this design of Martin, to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an enquiry after the seat of the soul; in which, at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion, that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer, that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: the brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the animal spirits, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus in Epicurus he seated her in the mouth of the stomach, philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fiddlers in their fingers, and rope dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He supposed, that in factious and restless-spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, afford-
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ing to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that calves and philosophers, tygers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquets, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these enquiries into the seat of the soul gave occasion to his first correspondence with the society of Free-thinkers, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their secretary to write him the following letter.

To the learned Inquisitor into nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: the society of Free-thinkers greeting.

Grecian Coffee-house, May 7.

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive genius. and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that theological non-entity commonly called the *soul*: since, after all your enquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the residence of such a chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming philosophers. Is it not demonstration to a person of your sense, that, since you cannot find it, there is no such thing? In order to set so hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded sophisms of those crack-brained fellows, and likewise
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an easy mechanical explication of perception or thinking.

One of their chief arguments is *, that self-consciousness cannot inhere in any system of matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every jack there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the result of the whole composition: so in an animal, the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being, (any more than meat-roasting in a jack,) but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one jack; so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this animal; so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quantity of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Just so, the quality or disposition in a fiddle to play tunes, with the several modifications of this tune-playing quality, in playing of preludes, sarabands, jigs, and gavotts, are as much real qualities in the instrument, as the thought or the imagina-

* This whole chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collin's arguments against Clarke, to prove the soul only a quality, Warburton.

tion is in the mind of the person that composes them.

The parts, say they, of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer; this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law that the King never dies. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor; who as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the unity of the whole system.

They make a great noise about this individuality: How a man is conscious to himself that he is the same individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now, supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings: and yet, after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first

first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in the House of Commons all things are determined by a majority, so it is in every animal system. As that which determines the House, is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance: We reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists, that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the variation and motion of the spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal; when two of these canals disembody themselves into one, they make what we call a proposition; and when two of these propositional channels empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner, it is easy to explain the

the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those glands. Some for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling genuises, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our hypothesis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoso of Nuremberg, to make a sort of hydraulic engine, in which a chemical liquor, resembling blood, is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles. And we are persuaded, that this our artificial man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a-week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a member of our society and, beg leave to assure you that we are, &c.

What return Martin made to this obliging letter we must defer to another occasion: Let it suffice at present to tell, that Crambe was in great rage at them, for stealing, as he thought, a hint from his Theory of Syllogisms, without doing him the honour so much as to mention him. He advised his master by no means to enter into their society, unless they would give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after this present life.



CHAP. XIII.

Of the secession of Martinus, and some hint of his Travels.

IT was in the year 1699 that Martin set out on his travels. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give. I will.

Thou shalt know then, that, in his first voyage he was carried by a prosperous storm, to a discovery of the remains of the ancient Pygmean empire.

That, in his second, he was happily shipwrecked on the land of the giants, now the most humane people in the world.

That, in his third voyage, he discovered a whole kingdom, of philosophers, who govern by the mathematics; with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious ministers of Queen Anne, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that, in his fourth voyage, he discovers a vein of melancholy, proceeding almost to a disgust of his species; but above all, a mortal detestation to the whole flagitious race of ministers, and a final resolution not to give in any memorial to the Secretary of state, in order to subject the lands he discovered to the crown of Great Britain.

Now, if by these hints, the reader can help himself to a farther discovery of the nature and contents of these travels, he is welcome to as much light as they

they afford him: I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall ever see such very extraordinary voyages, into such very extraordinary nations, which manifest the most distinguished marks of a philosopher, a politician, and a legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a surgeon of a ship, or a captain of a merchantman, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be that shall further observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial love of mankind, that inviolable regard to truth, that passion for his dear country, and that particular attachment to the excellent princess Queen Anne; surely that man deserves to be pitied, if by all those visible signs and characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the great Scriblerus *.



C H A P. XIV.

Of the discoveries and works of the great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

HERE therefore, at this great period, we end our first book. And here, O reader, we intreat thee utterly to forget all that thou hast hitherto read, and to cast thy eyes only forward, to that boundless field the next shall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our sins do not prevent,) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time, know what thou owest, and what thou yet mayst owe, to this excellent person,

* Gulliver's Travels were first intended as a part of Scriblerus's Memoirs. Warburton.

this prodigy of our age; who may well be called; *The Philosopher of ultimate causes*, since, by a sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discovered effects in their very causes; and, without the trivial helps of experiments, or observations, hath been the inventor of most of the modern systems and hypotheses.

He hath enriched mathematics with many precise and geometrical quadratures of the circle. He first discovered the cause of gravity, and the intestine motion of fluids.

To him we owe all the observations on the *parallax* of the pole star, and all the new theories of the deluge.

He it was that first taught the right use sometimes of the *fuga vacui*, and sometimes of the *materia subtilis*, in resolving the grand phænomena of nature.

He it was that first found out the palpability of colours, and by the delicacy of his touch, could distinguish the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, flying engines, and pacing saddles; the method of discovering the longitude by bomb vessels, and of increasing the trade-wind by vast plantations of reeds and sedges.

I shall mention only a few of his philosophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete digest of the laws of nature, with a review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A mechanical explication of the formation of the universe, according to the Epicurean hypotheses.

3. An investigation of the quantity of real matter in the universe, with the proportion of the specific gravity of solid matter to that of fluid.

4. Microscopical

4. Microscopical observations of the figure and bulk of the constituent parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.

5. A computation of the duration of the sun, and how long it will last before it is burned out.

6. A method to apply the force arising from the immense velocity of light to mechanical purposes.

7. An answer to the question of a curious gentleman; how long a new star was lighted up before its appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is subjoined, a calculation how much the inhabitants of the moon eat for supper, considering that they pass a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A demonstration of the natural dominion of the inhabitants of the earth over those of the moon, if ever an intercourse should be opened between them. With a proposal of a partition-treaty among the earthly potentates, in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-tables, for a comet, that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The number of the inhabitants of London determined by the reports of the gold-finders, and the tonnage of their carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *ingesta* and *egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his studies were directed to the universal benefit of mankind. Numerous have been his projects to this end, of which two alone will be sufficient to shew the amazing grandeur of his genius. The first was a proposal, by a general contribution of all princes, to pierce the first crust or *nucleus* of this our earth, quite through, to the next concentrical sphere. The advantage he proposed from it was, to find the *parallax* of the fixt stars; but chiefly to refute Sir

Isaac Newton's Theory of Gravity, and Mr. Halley's of the Variations. The second was, to build two poles to the meridian, with immense light-houses on the top of them; to supply the defect of nature, and to make the longitude as easy to be calculated as the latitude. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of physic. From the age, complexion, or weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a patient's bedside. He taught the way to many modern physicians, to cure their patients by intuition, and to others to cure without looking on them at all. He projected a *menstruum* to dissolve the stone, made of Dr. Woodward's universal deluge-water. His also was the device to relieve consumptive or asthmatic persons, by bringing fresh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps: and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable intromission of such steams as were most familiar to him; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In physiognomy, his penetration is such, that, from the picture only of any person, he can write his life; and, from the features of the parents, draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these studies, as to neglect the polite arts of painting, architecture, music, poetry, &c. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern painters, to improve the likeness of their portraits, by the use of such colours as would faithfully and constantly accompany the life, not
only

only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In architecture, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a thought well worthy a true lover of antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a ruin.

As to music, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his scores.

In poetry, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a catalogue.

In politics, his writings are of a peculiar cast, for the most part ironical, and the drift of them often so delicate and refined as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far as to write a persuasive to people to eat their own children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part *. He has often written against liberty in the name of Freeman and Algernon Sydney, in vindication of the measures of Spain under that of Raleigh, and in praise of corruption under those of Cato and Publiola.

It is true, that at his last departure from England, in the reign of Q. Anne, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the scandal of the weak, or encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a bog-house near St. James's. Some however have been with great diligence recovered, and fished up with a hook and line, by the ministerial writers, which make at present the great ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to mankind, he constantly communicated (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence,) by some me-

* Swift's ironical tract on that subject, intitled, "A modest Proposal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents," &c. vol. iv.

thod or other in which ostentation had no part. With what incredible modesty he concealed himself, is known to numbers of those to whom he addressed sometimes epistles, sometimes hints, sometimes whole treatises, advices to friends, projects of first ministers, letters to members of parliament, accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All these will be vindicated to the true author, in the course of these memoirs. I may venture to say, they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those, who will appear too much concerned as plagiaries, to be admitted as judges. Wherefore we warn the public, to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent passion at the appearance of this work, as persons most certainly involved in the guilt.

The End of the First Book.



MARTINUS



MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ

ΟΡ,

Of the ART of SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the year 1727.

C H A P. I.

IT hath been long, my dear countrymen, the subject of my concern and surprize, that whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators, have compiled and digested the art of ancient poesy, there hath not risen among us one person so public-spirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although it is universally known, that our every way industrious mederns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgements, do so infinitely excel the said ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their *ὕψος*, or sublime, no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our *βαθος*, or profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, made use of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore considering, with no small grief, how many promising geniuses of this age are wandering, as I may say, in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them, as it were, by the hand, and
step

step by step, the gentle downhill way to the *bathos*; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true modern poesy!

When I consider, my dear countrymen, the extent, fertility, and populousness of our lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture, there are two reflections, which administer great occasion of surprise; the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our nation should have arrived at that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require, that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the Highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

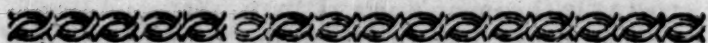
Therefore, to supply our former defects, I propose to collect the scattered rules of our art into regular institutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuses of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors, the master of Alexander, and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia: and in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics; since their laws, though they might be good, have ever been slackly executed, and their precepts, however strict, obeyed only by fits, and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who,

who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the chrystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which, (thank our stars,) though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident, that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods, is part of the design of this treatise.

For we shall see, in the course of this work, that our greatest adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the *bathos* itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally necessary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt new models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; tho' in their others they differed *toto coelo* from us.



C H A P. II.

That the bathos, or profound, is the natural taste of man, and in particular of the present age.

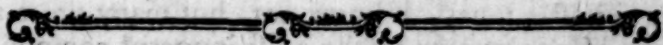
THE taste of the *bathos* is implanted by Nature itself in the soul of man, till, prevented by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled to relish the sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed, how fast the general taste is returning to this first simplicity and innocence : and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly, that kind, which diverts and instructs the greatest number, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry ; we shall find those who have a taste of the sublime, to be very few ; but the profound strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom, after all, it is almost impossible to please ; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgement, and whose applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed, our wiser authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt, et delectare poetæ.

Their true design is profit or gain ; in order to acquire which, it is necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader : from whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the present taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that,

though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high relish in poetry, but are in this one taste less nice than our ancestors. If an art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience, whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good poets, as bad ones?

Nevertheless, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuses of rank or fortune from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.



CHAP. III.

The necessity of the bathos physically considered.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such authors, as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim; that poetry is a natural morbid secretion from the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature past childhood, but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and, no question, was much the better for it in his health; so true is the saying, *nascimur poetæ*. Therefore is the desire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the generative faculty of the brain,"

and the person is said to conceive ; now such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions ; yea, perhaps, in poor wretches. (which is very lamentable,) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper ! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state. We find by experience, that the same humours, which vent themselves in summer in ballads and sonnets, are condensed, by the winter's cold, into pamphlets and speeches for and against the ministry : nay, I know not, but many times a piece of poetry may be the most innocent composition of a minister himself.

It is therefore manifest, that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary maxim upon the single authority of Horace *. Why should the golden mean, and quintessence of all virtues, be deemed so offensive in this art ? or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet ?

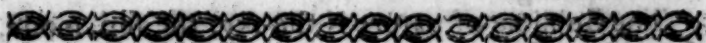
However, far be it from me to compare these writers with those great spirits, who are born with a *vivacité de pesanteur*, or (as an English author calls it,) an " alacrity of sinking † ;" and who by strength of nature alone, can excel. All I mean, is to evince the necessity of rules to these of lesser

* ————— *Mediocribus esse poetis*

Non dii, non homines, &c. ————— HOR. POPE.

† Spoken by Falstaff of himself in Shakespear's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

geniuses, as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.



C H A P. IV.

That there is an art of the bathos, or profound.

WE come now to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in poetry. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making ditches, as in raising mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his descent, and furnishing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the authors of antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true profound, as in the true sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus,) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the gift of Nature. I grant, that, to excel in the *bathos*, a genius is requisite; yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall; but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man, who is amongst the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere; to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task, unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the *bathos* as with small beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at

large and let abroad ; but being, by our rules, confined and well stoppt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The Sublime of nature is the sky, the sun, moon, stars, &c. The Profound of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deeps, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable ; which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.



CHAP. V.

Of the true genius for the profound, and by what it is constituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the first maxim and corner-stone of this our art ; that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of common sense. His business must be to contract the true *gout de travers* ; and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them
with

with a great deal of flourishing, by head or tail, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong oppositions of colours, and surprise by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus gementur, tigres agni. HOR.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no body can get clear but himself. And since the great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the credible with the surprising; our author shall produce the credible, by painting nature in her lowest simplicity, and the surprising, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the marvellous; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time form a complete body of modern ethics and morality.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world hath long been weary of natural things. How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of harlequins and magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be: how are they struck with transport and delight? which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and anti-natural way of thinking to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinite

ly below it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lutestring, or a child's mantle.

*The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,
Spun thin and wove in nature's finest loom,
The new born world in their soft lap embrace'd,
And all around their starry mantle cast *.*

If he looks upon a tempest, he shall have an image of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner;

*The ocean, joyed to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed †.*

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels at the creation of the universe, present to his imagination "the rejoicings on the Lord Mayor's day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating their creator by huzzaing making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers, and sky-rockets.

*Glorious illuminations made on high
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order placed,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwellings grace'd,
Through all th' enlighten'd air swift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry showers and glittering rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung ‡.*

* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42. † P. 14.

‡ P. 50

If a man, who is violently fond of wit, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the bathos should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous protestant deacon invoke a saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence.

*Look down, blest saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
In which we stray—†.*

Neither will he, if a goodly simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

*Thus have I seen in Araby the blest,
A phoenix couch'd upon her fun'ral nest*.*

But to convince you, that nothing is so great, which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all beings is represented in the following images.

First he is PAINTER.

*Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvass, where
His pencil, dipt in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight‡.*

N. B. In order to do justice to these great poets, our citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct editions of their works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in duodecimo, 1714, the fourth edition revised.

Pope.

† A. Philips on the death of Queen Mary.

* Anon.

‡ Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716.

Now

Now he is a CHEMIST.

*Th' almighty chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his light'ning and distills his raint.*

Now he is a WRESTLER.

*Me in his griping arms the' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruised,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews-loosed †.*

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

*For clouds the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise,
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies ‖.*

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

*In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee**.*

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

*Job, as a vile offender, God indites.
And terrible decrees against me writes,
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate ††.*

In the following lines he is a GOLD-BEATER.

*Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the fields of air ‖‖.*

† Blackm. Pial. civ. p. 263.

‡ Page 15.

‖ Page 170.

** Page 70.

†† P. 16.

‖‖ P. 181.

Then

Then a FULLER.

—th' exhaling reeks, that secret rise,
Borne on rebounding sun-beams through the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd till they grow
A heav'nly fleece—*.

A MERCER or PACKER.

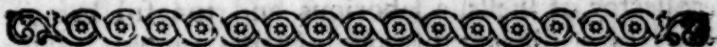
Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of æther to unfold;
Say, which cerulean pile was by thy hand enroll'd †.

A BUTLER.

He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds, his floating bottles, fill. ‡

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderness his table spread
And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread. ||



CHAP. VI.

*Of the several kinds of geniuses in the profound, and
the marks and characters of each.*

I DOUBT not, but the reader, by this cloud of
examples, begins to be convinced of the truth
of our assertion, that the bathos is an art; and that
the genius of no mortal whatever, following the
mere ideas of nature, and unassisted with an habi-
tual, nay, laborious peculiarity of thinking, could
arrive

* Blackm. civ. Pf. p. 18. † P. 174. ‡ P. 131.

|| Blackm. Song of Moses, p. 218.

arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances, (the father of the bathos, and indeed the Homer of it,) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with a felicity, copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red herring: and seldom are we without geniuses for still life, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

An universal genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six epic poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after nature or the ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a general, would with equal application have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between arts and sciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bag piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The flying fishes: these are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profound; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The

2. The swallows are authors, that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The ostriches are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast D. F. L. E. the Hon. E. H.

4. The parrots are they, that repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own W. B. W. S. C. C. the Rev. D. D.

5. The didappers are authors, that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then, where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq; the Hon. Sir. W. Y.

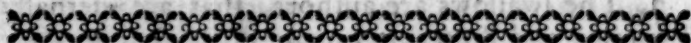
The porpoises are unwieldly and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom), they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The frogs are such, as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration; they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise, whenever they thrust their heads above water, E. W. I. M, Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. The eels are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The tortoises are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have, for the most part, a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. the Right Honourable E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the bathos, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with fundry and manifold chose spirits in this our island.



C H A P. VII.

Of the profound, when it consists in the thought.

WE have already laid down the principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which, it may be added, that vulgar conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question, but the garret, or the printer's boy, may often be discerned in such compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes), that where there is not a tritcalness or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect bathos by the most elaborate low expression: it can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But, it is the thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the bath waters:

*She drinks! she drinks! behold the matchless dame!
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:*

I

Thus

*Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns**

What can be more easy and unaffected, than the diction of these verses? it is the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and surprise us. And when the same lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in justice it ought) goes still deeper :

*Venus beheld her, 'midst her croud of slaves,
And thought herself just risen from the waves †*

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady?

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frightened stag in a full chace, who, (saith the poet,)

*Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore,*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is profundity itself.

None but himself can be his parallel ‡.

Unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

However, our next instance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant,

* Anon.

† Idem.

‡ Theobald, Double Falshood.

*So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure though art be.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.*

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and lastly they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a poet, that shines forth amidst a circle of critics,

*Thus Phæbus thro' the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monsters rises into day.*

What a peculiarity is here of invention? the author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded, that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters: there were only the centaur and the maid, that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring geniuses, what he found not monsters, he made so.

C H A P. VIII.

*Of the profound, consisting in the circumstances :
and of amplification and periphrase in general.*

WHAT in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their chusing and separating such circumstances in a description, as enoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances, which are most natural, are obvious, therefore not astonishing or peculiar ; but those that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprize prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out ; but above all preserve a laudable prolixity ; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book ; which is frequently the worst consequence of all to our author.

Job says in short, he washed his feet in butter ; a circumstance some poets would have softened, or past over : now, hear how this butter is spread out by the great genius.

*With teats distended with their milky store,
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burthen to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have wash'd our feet*.*

How cautious and particular ! “ He had,” says our author, “ so many herds, which herds thrived
“ so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk,

* Blackm. Job, p. 133.

“ and that milk produced so much butter, that,
“ if he did not, he might have washed his feet in
it.”

The ensuing description of hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances.

*In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
Some deeply red and others faintly blue *.*

Could the most minute Dutch-painter have been more exact? how inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

*His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoking plain,
And knots of scarlet ribband deck his mane †.*

Of certain cudgel players.

*They brandish high in air their threat'ning staves
Their hands a woven guard of ozier saves,
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end ‡.*

Who would not think the poet had past his whole life at wakes in such laudable diversions? since he teaches us how to hold, nay, how to make a cudgel!

Periphrase is another great aid to prolixity; being a diffused circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched, as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is, that the author can possibly mean; and a strange surprize when he finds it?

The poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure

* Prince Arthur, p. 89.

† Anon.

‡ Prince Arthur, p. 197.

*A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed ||.*

Here is a waving sea of heads, which, by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a great croud.

How pretty and how genteel is the following !

*Nature's confectiomer——
Whose suckets are moist alchymy :
The still of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold*.*

What is this,—but a bee gathering honey ?

*Little syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.†——*

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman, that sung finely ?

We may define amplification to be making the most of a thought ; it is the spinning-wheel of the bathos, which draws out and spreads it into the finest thread. There are amplifiers, who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio ; but for which, the tale of many a vast romance, and the substance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the size of a primer.

In the book of Job are these words, “ Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day—spring to know his place ? ” how is this extended by the most celebrated amplifier of our age ?

! Job, p. 78.

* Cleveland. † At Philips to Cuzzons.

*Canst thou set forth th' etherial mines on high,
Which the refulgent ore of light supply?
Is the celestial furnace to thee known,
In which I melt the golden metal down?
Treasures, from whence I deal out light as fast,
As all my stars and lavish suns can waste †.*

The same author hath amplified a passage in the civ. Psalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke."

*The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind *.*

You here see the hills not only trembling, but shaking off woods from their backs, to run the faster: after this you are presented with a foot-pace of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent purisy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.



CHAP. IX.

Of imitation, and the manner of imitating.

THAT the true authors of the profound are to imitate diligently the examples in their own way, is not to be questioned, and that divers have, by this means, attained to a depth, whereunto their own weight could never have carried

† Job, p. 108.

* Job, p. 267.

them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Ensdon of Blackmore? Therefore when we sit down to write, let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question; how would Sir Richard have said this? do I express myself as simply as Ambrose Philips? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welfsted?

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our proficient should also read the works of those famous poets, who have excelled in the sublime: yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary and, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds any thing lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious circumstance or periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the bathos reduced it in every page? is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of *Ætna* in the third *Æneid*?

—*Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atrum prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammorum, et sidera lambit:
Interdum scopulos avulsetque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exestuat imo.*

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such

such of our writers as understand not Latin). Lo ! how this is taken down by our British poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a fit of the cholick.

*Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled stores with imbred storms of wind,
Blown up to rage ; and roaring out, complain ;
As torn with inward gripes, and tort'ring pain ;
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit round,
And with their melted bowels spread the ground*.*

Horace, in search of the sublime, struck his head against the stars † ; but Empedocles, to fathom the profound, threw himself into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had also been there, from this description ?

Imitation is of two sorts : the first is, when we force to our own purposes the thoughts of others ; the second consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a play professedly writ in the stile of Shakespeare ; wherein the resemblance lay in one single line,

And so good morrow t'ye, good master lieutenant.

And sundry poems, in imitation of Milton, where with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*, embroidered was *broidered*, hermits were *heremits*, disdained was *'sdeigned*, shady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynin*, pinion *pennons*, sweet *aulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridgework *pontifical* ; nay her was *bir*, and there was *thir* ; through the whole poem. And, in very deed, there is no other way, by which the true modern poet could read,

* Pr. Arthur, p. 75.

† *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

to any purpose the works of such men as Milton and Shakespeare.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I should next speak of the passions: but as the main end and principal effect of the bathos is to produce tranquility of mind (and sure it is a better design to promote sleep than madness), we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the emollients and opiates of poesy; of the *cool*, and the manner of producing it: or of the methods used by our authors in managing the passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *cool*, as the use of wit in expressing passion: the true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper similes on such occasions; this we may term the pathetic epigrammatical; in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves, or their readers, into any indecent transports.

But, as it is sometimes needful to excite the passions of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that to move anger use is made of scolding and railing: to move love, of bawdry; to beget favour and friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the state. As for *shame*, it is a silly passion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.



C H A P. X.

Of tropes and figures; and first of the variegating, confounding, and reversing figures.

BUT we proceed to the figures. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the abuse of speech. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but, if possible, in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures must be so turned, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful cast of head, which distinguishes all writers of this kind: Or, as I may say, to refer exactly the mold, in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd cranies and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible, to enumerate all such figures; but we shall content ourselves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the bathos, under three classes.

I. The variegating, confounding, or reversing tropes and figures.

II. The magnifying; and,

III. The diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A master of this will say,

Mow

Mow the beard,
Shave the grass,
Pin the plank,
Nail my sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the bathos is,

The METONYMY.

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c.

*Laced in her cosins * new appear'd the bride,
A bubble boy† and Tompion ‡ at her side,
And with an air divine her colmar || ply'd,
Then oh! she cries, what slaves I round me see?
Here a bright red-coat, there a smart toupee**.*

The SYNECDOCHE,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes pretty-face and pig's eyes, and sometimes snotty-nose and draggle-tail. Or of accidents for persons; as a lawyer is called split-cause, a taylor prick-louse, &c. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as a sword-man, a gown-man, a t-m-t-d-man; a white-stuff, a turn-key, &c.

The APOSIOPESIS,

an excellent figure for the ignorant; "as what

* Stays. † Tweezet case. ‡ Watch. || Fan.

** A sort of perriwig: all words in use at this present year 1727.

Pope.

" shall

“ shall I say ?” when one has nothing to say : or,
 “ I can no more,” when one really can no more.
 Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

The METAPHOR.

The first rule is to draw it from the lowest things, which is a certain way to sing the highest ; as when you speak of the thunder of heaven, say,

The Lords above are angry and talk big.*

Or if you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus,

*Though he, as said, may riches gorge, the poi
 Painful in massy vomit shall recoil.
 Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
 Like his own ordure cast with scorn away †.*

The second, that whenever you start a metaphor, you must be sure to run it down, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a state negotiation, follow it in this manner.

*The stones and all the elements with thee
 Shall ratify a strict confederacy ;
 Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
 And for a firm alliance with thee treat ;
 The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
 Shall send a scaly embassy for peace :
 His plighted faith the crocodile shall keep,
 And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep ‡.*

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war.

* Lee's Alex.

† Blackm. Job, p. 91. 93.

‡ Job, p. 22

*Envoys and agents, who by my command
 Reside in Palestina's land,
 To whom commissions I have given
 To manage there the interests of heaven.
 Ye holy heralds, who proclaim
 Or war or peace, in mine your master's name,—
 Ye pioneers of heaven, prepare a road,
 Make it plain, direct and broad;——
 For I in person will my people head;
 ——For the divine Deliverer
 Will on his march in majesty appear,
 And needs the aid of no confed'rate pow'r*.*

Under the article of the Confounding, we rank,

1. The MIXTURE of FIGURES,

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is, when it gives an idea just opposite to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist painting the spring, talks of a snow of blossoms, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of winter. Of this sort is the following:

*The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
 Whose livid flasbes sick'ning sun-beams drown †.*

What a noble confusion? clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sick'ning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

*Thy head shall rise, though buried in the dust,
 And midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust ‡.*

* Blackm. Isa. chap. xl. † Pr. Arthur, p. 37. ‡ Job, p. 107.

Quere, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

*Upon the shore as frequent as the sand,
To meet the prince, the glad Dimetians stand*.*

Quere, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? add also to the Jargon such as the following;

*Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
And desolation lye for ever waste †.*

*Hec Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone ‡.*

But for variegation, nothing is more useful than,

3. The PARAMANASIA or PUN,

where a word, like the tongue of a jack-daw, speaks twice as much by being split: As this of Mr. Dennis,

Bullets that wound, like Parthians as they fly ‖.

or this excellent one of Mr. Welfsted,

*—Behold the virgin lye
Naked, and only cover'd by the sky**.*

To which thou may'st add,

*To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop††.*

4. The ANTITHESIS or SEE-SAW,

* Pr. Arthur, p. 157. † Job, p. 89. ‡ T. Cook's poems.
‖ Poems 1693, p. 13. ** Welfsted, poems, Acon. & Lavin.
†† Waller.

whereby contraries and oppositions are balanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are those on a lady, who made herself appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her cloaths.

*While the kind nymph changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape.*

On the maids of honour in mourning.

Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.*

——— *His eyes so bright
Let in the object and let out the light †.*

The gods look pale to see us look so red ‡.

——— *The fairies and their queen,
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green §.*

*All nature felt a reverential shock,
The sea stood still to see the mountains rock §.*



C H A P. XI.

The figures continued : of the magnifying and diminishing figures.

A GENUINE writer of the profound will take care never to magnify any object without clouding it at the same time : His thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It

* Steel, on Q. Mary.

† Quarles.

‡ Lee's Alex.

§ Phil. Past.

§ Blackm. Job, p. 176.

must always be remembered, that darkness is an essential quality of the *profound*, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be, as Milton expresses it,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief figure of this sort is,

The HYPERBOLE, or Impossible.

For instance, of a lion.

*He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wond'rous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him* *.

Of a lady at dinner.

*The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.*

Of the same.

— *The obscurity of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light* †.

Of a bull-baiting,

*Up to the stars the sprawling mastives fly ‡,
And add new monsters to the frightened sky* §.

Of a scene of misery.

*Behold a scene of misery and woe!
Here Argos soon might weep himself quite blind,
Ev'n tho' he had Briarius's hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes —* §.

* Vet. Aut.
§ See p. 115.

† Theobald's Double Falshood.
§ Anon.

‡ Blackm.

And that modest request of two absent lovers :

*Ye Gods ! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.*

3. The Periphrasis, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the magnifying may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country-prospect,

*I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so;
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a term too high *.*

III. The last class remains; of the *diminishing*;
1. The Anticlimax, and figures: where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprize.

On the extent of the British arms.

*Under the Tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke †.*

On a warrior.

*And thou Dalhousfy, the great God of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar ‡.*

On the valour of the English.

*Nor art nor nature has the force
To stop its steady course,*

* Anon.

† Anon.

‡ Anon.

*Nor Alps nor Pyrenæans keep it out,
— Nor fortify'd redoubt *.*

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprisingly imperfect, or is presented with something low, or quite ridiculous: a surprize resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of antic statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer, or Cato; but, looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are these lines of a leviathan at sea,

*His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood;
Till all th' incumber'd, thick, fermenting stream,
Does like one pot of boiling ointment seem.
Where-e'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—with age, or grey with sudden fear †.*

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

*Now the resisted flames and fiery store,
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long iron-bars remov'd,
And to and fro huge heaps of cynders shov'd ‡.*

2. The VULGAR

is also a species of the *diminishing*: by this a spear

* Denn. on Namur.

† Blackm. Job, p. 197.

‡ Prince Arthur, p. 157.

flying

flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand.

*The mighty Stuffa threw a massy spear,
Which, with its errand pleas'd, sung thro' the air*.*

A man raging with grief, to a mastiff-dog,

*I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw †.*

And clouds big with water, to a woman in great necessity.

*Distended with the waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.*

3. The INFANTINE.

This is, when a poet grows so very simple as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest master in this way : hear how he fondles like a mere stammerer.

*Little charm of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Hither, British muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Græcian nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your pretty nurseling see.*

*When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green,*

*When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May,*

* Prince Arthur.

† Job, p. 41.

*Then the neck so white and round,
(Little neck with brilliants bound.)*

*And thy gentleness of mind,
(Gentle from a gentle kind.)*

*Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest be of happy men, &c *.*

And the rest of those excellent lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat?

Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep †.

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death.

*That ever she could die! Oh most unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet behind!
And yet,—why blame I her ‡?*

With no less simplicity does he suppose, that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:

*Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own ||.*

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances.

*Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep §.)*

* Amb. Philips on Miss Cuzzona.

† Philip's Pastorals.

‡ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

§ Ibid.

*To the grave senate she did counsel give,
(Which with astonishment they did receive *.*

*He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his majesty †.)*

*Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew—you sip, and sing ‡.*

Where you easily perceive the nothingness of every second verse.

*The noise returning with returning light,
What did it?
Dispers'd the silence, and dispell'd the night ||.*

*The glories of proud London to survey,
The sun himself shall rise—by break of day §.*

5. The EXPLETIVE,

Admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors.

*Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness,*

Or in pretty drawling words like these,

*All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
And his sons sons, till there shall be no more †.*

*The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same;
While wretched we rememb'ed thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name **!*

* Phil. on Q. Mary. † Ibid. ‡ T. Cook on a grasshopper.
|| Anon. § Antor. Vet. † T. Cook, Poems. ** Ibid.

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM,

Are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

*The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields.
The food of armies, and support of wars
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight.
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed.
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd*.*

Of all which the perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

*Break thro' the billows, and—divide the main.
In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse †.
Divide—and part—the sever'd world—in two ‡.*

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated modern poems.



C H A P. XII.

Of expression, and the several sorts of stile of the present age.

THE expression is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the thought. It must not be always grammatical, lest

* Camp. † Tons. Misc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 291, 4th edition.

‡ Ibid. vol. vi. p. 123,

it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number; "the sword and pestilence at once *devours*;" instead of *devour*. Sometimes the wrong case *; "and who more fit to sooth the God than *thee*?" instead of *thou*. And rather than say, "Thetis saw Achilles weep," she heard him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two things; first, in the choice of low words: secondly, in the sober and orderly way of ranging them. Many of our poets are naturally blessed with this talent, in so much that they are in the circumstance of that honest citizen, who had made prose all his life without knowing it. Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words, (I take them from my last-cited author, who, though otherwise by no means of our rank, seemed once in his life to have a mind to be simple).

*If not, a prize I will myself decree,
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee †.*

— full of days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see †.

*The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before ‖.*

*That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The most despis'd of all the gods am I §.*

*Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be †.*

Or these, of the same hand:

* Ti. Hom. Il. i.
p. 17. ‖ P. 19.

† Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11.
§ P. 34.

‡ Idem.
‡ P. 38.

I leave

*I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once dear friend and muse, farewell *.*

Sometimes a single word will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ship set on fire, owes all the spirit of the *bathos* to one choice word, that ends the line.

And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion fry'd †.

And in that description of a world in ruins:
*Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack ‡.*

So also in these,

*Beasts tame and savage, to the river's brink,
Come from the fields and wild abodes—to drink ||.*

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually,

*He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,
That cheers the forest and the garden-trees §.*

It is also useful to employ technical terms, which estrange your stile from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanics for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his linen was finely spun †, and bleached on the happy plains. Call an army of angels, *angelic cuirassiers ***; and if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, stile them

* Tonsf. Misc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 292. 4th edition.
Arthur, p. 151.

† Tonsf. Misc. vol. vi. p. 119.

p. 263.

§ Id. Job, p. 264.

‡ Prince Arthur, p. 19.

** Ib. p. 339.

*Fresh troops of pains, and regimented woes *.*

STILE is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and the figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of stiles we shall mention only the principal, which owe to the moderns either their chief improvement, or intire invention.

1. The FLORID STILE,

than which none is more proper to the bathos, as flowers, which are the lowest of vegetables, are most gaudy, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of ponds and ditches.

A fine writer of this kind presents you with the following pofey :

*The groves appear all drest with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
Exchange'd their sweets, and mix'd with thousand
As if the willing branches strove [kisses,
To beautify and shade the grove †;*

(which indeed most branches do). But this is still excelled by our laureate,

*Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,
And shoot and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh ‡.*

Hear also our Homer.

*His robe of state is form'd of light refin'd,
An endless train of lustre spreads behind.*

* Job, p. 86. † Behn's Poems, p. 2. ‡ Guardian, 12mo. 127.

*His throne's of bright compacted glory made,
With pearls celestial, and with gems inlaid:
Whence floods of joy, and seas of splendor flow,
On all th' angelic gazing throng below *.*

2. The PERT STILE.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently studied; in verse Mr. Cibber's prologues

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in modernizing and adapting to the taste of the times the works of the ancients. This we rightly phrase, doing them into English, and making them English; two expressions of great propriety, the one denoting our neglect of the manner how, the other the force and compulsion with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this stile, that Tacitus talks like a coffeehouse-politician, Josephus † like the British Gazetteer; Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or Mr. Apgill; Marcus Aurelius is excellent at snip-snap; and honest Thomas a Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE STILE,

which is fine by being new, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of the sun in a mourning-coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

*See Phæbus now, as once for Phaeton,
Has mask'd his face; and put deep mourning on;*

* Blackm. Psalm civ. † Joseph, translated by Sir. Rog. L'estrang.

*Dark clouds his sable chariot do surround,
And the dull steeds stalk o'er the melancholy round **

Of Prince Arthur's soldiers drinking.

*While rich Burgundian wine, and bright Champaign,
Chase from their minds the terrors of the main †.*

(whence we also learn, that Burgundy and Cham-
paign make a man on shore despise a storm at sea).

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments.

—— He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his liquid regiments does keep.
Thither the waves file off and make their way,
To form the mighty body of the sea;
Where they incamp, and in their station stand,
Intrench'd in works of rock, and lines of sand ‡.

Of two armies on the point of engaging.

*Yon armies are the cards which both must play;
At least come off a sower, if you may:
Throw boldly at the sum the Gods have set;
These on your side will all their fortunes bet §.*

All perfectly agreeable to the present customs and
best fashions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *alamode* is the
PRURIENT, a stile greatly advanced and honoured
of late by the practice of persons of the first quali-
ty; and, by the encouragement of the ladies, not
unsuccessfully introduced even into the drawing-
room. Indeed its incredible progress and conquests
may be compared to those of the great Sesostris,
and are every where known by the same marks, the

* Amb. Philips.

† Prince Arthur, p. 16.

‡ Black, Pl. civ, p. 261.

§ Lee's Sophon.

images of the genital parts of men and women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very bathos of the human body, that is to say *** and ***** *hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* ****. And selling of bargains, and double entendre, and Κιββισμός and Ολδουλδισμός, all derived from the said sources.

4. The FINICAL STILE,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakers of the alamode: as the following :

Of a brook dried by the sun.

*Won by the summer's importuning ray,
Th' eloping stream did from her channel stray,
And with enticing sun-beams stole away ** }

Of an easy death.

*When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee ripe with age, invite the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the grave, his granary †.*

Of trees in a storm.

*Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy, [by †,
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs and passes*

Of water simmering over the fire.

*The sparkling flames raise water to a smile, [while ‖.
Yet the pleas'd liquor pines, and lessens all the*

* Blackm. Job, p. 26.

† Idem, p. 23.

‡ Denn.

‖ Anon. Tons. Misc. part vi. p. 224.

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words: and the BUSKIN, or *stately*, frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once, then is the bathos in perfection: as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the wrong one. Will not every true lover of the profound be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life, exalted in the following manner I

Who knocks at the door?

*For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?*

See who is there?

*Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes;
And tell me who comes yonder *.*

Shut the door.

*The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.*

Bring my cloaths.

*Bring me what Nature, taylor to the bear,
To man himself deny'd: she gave me cold,
But would not give me cloaths.*

* Temp.

K 3

Light

Light the fire.

*Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air, congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath.*

Snuff the candle.

*Ton luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.*

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust.*

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

*Apply thine engine to the spongy door :
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.*



C H A P. XIII.

A project for the advancement of the bathos.

THUS have I, my dear countrymen, with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains, but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? in order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by

* Theob. Double Falshood.

proposing

proposing such a scheme as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will someway contribute to the support of the whole ; in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: to this œconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident, than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that, "the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality;" accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvelously improved by travelling. Soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The periphrasis or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the proverb and apologue of old men at clubs; the elipsis, or speech by half-words, of ministers and politicians; the aposiopesis of courtiers; the litotes, or diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the anadiplosis of
common

common cryers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, sarcasm and irony learned upon the water, and the epiphonema or exclamation frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *hear him* of the house of commons.

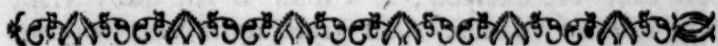
Now, each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society, as hath been proposed, a poet or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind, to the metaphorist for his allegories, to the simile maker for his comparisons, to the ironist for his sarcasms, to the apothegmatist for his sentences, &c. whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose, that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expence, a rhetorical chest of drawers, consisting of three stories, the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. They shall be divided into *loci* or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may, in a very few days, be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to
manage

manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unquestioned loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief, that might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out, by the day, to several great orators in both houses: from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will also accrue to our society.



C H A P. XIV.

How to make dedications, panegyrics, or satires; and of the colours of honourable and dishonourable.

NOW, of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works, as speed and dispatch. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportioned to their heaviness; for it is with the flowers of the bathos as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardiner brings not hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short liv'd as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts, whereon in a manner depends that profit, which must

must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we will teach a short way to the epic poetry. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *panegyric*. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable, than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or æconomical virtue, are virtuous by their posts; liberal and generous upon the public money; provident upon public supplies; just by paying public interest; courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies; magnificent upon the public expences, and prudent by public success. They have, by their office, a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; besides they are, by prescription immemorial, invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the *colours of honourable and dishonourable*, they are various in different countries; in this they are blue, green, and red.

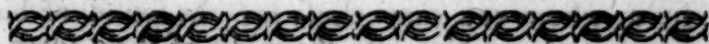
But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require, that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation, which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spend-thrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have
his

his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism: and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of contraries; it is certain, the less a man is endowed with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities, of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him, whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise and dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet: concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their ears in a pillory.



CHAP. XV.

A receipt to make an epic poem.

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they

cut

cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them ; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifest, that an epic poem, may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those, who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot do it without, he has his art for nothing : the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which any author in the bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffery of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece), those parts of the story which afford most scope for long descriptions : put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures : there let him work for twelve books ; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry : it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero :

hero: or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities, which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of Deities, male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occasions, to make use of Volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The

use of these machines is evident; since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities, when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his art of poetry.

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.*

That is to say, "a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity."

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *tempest*. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse; add to these, of rain, lightning and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *battle*. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice, or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *burning town*. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil), old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *succedaneum*.

As for similes and metaphors, they may be found

found all over the creation ; the most ignorant may gather them, but the difficulty is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

XX

C H A P. XVI.

A project for the advancement of the stage,

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the drama, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is so well taken care of by the present managers of the theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the bathos.

Here therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our sincere and humble thanks to the most august Mr. Barton Booth, the most serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most undaunted Mr. Colly Cibber ; of whom let it be known, when the people of this age shall be ancestors, and to all the succession of our successors, that to this present day they continue to outdo even their own out-doings ; and when the inevitable hand of sweeping time shall have brushed off all the works of to-day, may this testimony of a contemporary critic to their fame be extended as far as to-morrow.

Yet if to so wise an administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project signed with their names, and dated the second of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the reader with the substance of it.

1. It is proposed, that the two theatres be incorporated

porated into one company; that the royal academy of music be added to them as an orchestra; and that Mr. Figg with his prize fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership.

2. That a spacious building be erected at the public expence, capable of containing at least ten thousand spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of children and nurses to the audience, since the new entertainments *. That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two houses of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of alderman, who shall all have their places frank.

3. If Westminster hall be not allotted to this service (which, by reason of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament abovementioned, seems not altogether improper), it is left to the wisdom of the nation, whether Somerset-house may not be demolished, and a theatre built upon that site, which lies convenient to receive spectators from the county of Surry, who may be waisted thither by water carriage, esteemed by all projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this, may be added, that the river Thames may, in the readiest manner, convey those eminent personages from courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated pieces, or by affecting to see their countrymen, the harlequins and eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

4. That the theatre abovesaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the ac-

* Pantomimes were then first exhibited in England.

commodation of decayed critics and poets; out of whom six of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society, provided nevertheless that the laureat, for the time being, may be always one. The head or president over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient poet and critic to be found in the whole island.

5. The male players are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The actresses are to make their beds and wash their linen.

6. A large room shall be set apart for a library, to consist of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the council of six to sit and deliberate on the merits of plays. The majority shall determine the dispute; and if it should happen, that three and three should be of each side, the president shall have a casting voice, unless where the contention may run so high as to require a decision by single combat.

7. It may be convenient to place the council of six in some conspicuous situation in the theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in music, they may give signs (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation. In consequence of these signs the whole audience shall be required to clap or hiss, that the town may learn certainly, when and how far they ought to be pleased.

8. It is submitted, whether it would not be proper to distinguish the council of six by some particular habit or gown of an honourable shape and

colour, to which may be added a square cap and a white wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried actresses making away with their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the children of the society; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall, at the public expence, be brought up a page to attend the council of six: a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a poet, and a greater still for the son of a critic.

10. If it be discovered, that any actress is got with child during the interludes of any play wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall forfeit accordingly. If any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of robbery and theft. In all other cases, particularly in those for debt, it is proposed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St. James's, may be held a place of privilege. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paltry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality or others shall send for any poet or critic of this society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass, without being liable to an arrest.

11. The forementioned scheme, in its several regulations, may be supported by profits arising from every third night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose, that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives a very little will be deemed sufficient), the masters of calculation will,

we

we believe, agree, that out of those profits the said persons might be sublisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm farther, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but paint, diet-drinks, spitting-pots, and all other necessaries of life, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the articles may, at first view, seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the council of six (which is indeed larger than any intrusted to the great officers of state), this may be obviated by swearing those six persons of his Majesty's privy-council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment previously at that most honourable board.



VIRGILIUS



VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

S E U

MARTINI SCRIBLERI, summi critici, castigationum in *ÆNEIDEM* Specimen.

Æneidem totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus penè mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spurizæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruerere. At si quæ sint in hiscè castigationibus de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *προλεγόμενα* nostra libro ipsi presfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VER. I.

A RMA virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris* Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit Littora. Multum ille et terris *jaclatus* et alta, Vi superûm——

Armaque virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris* Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit Littora. Multum ille et terris *vexatus*, et alto, Vi superûm——

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550 — *flatu* ventorum *Æoli*, ut sequitur — *Latina* certe littora cum *Æneas* aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193. *jaclatus* terris non convenit.

II VER.

II. VER. 52.

Et quisquis *numen* Junonis adoret?

Et quisquis *nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam ut antea, *numen*; et procul
dubio sic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,

Qua data porta ruunt——

Venti, velut *aggere fracta*,

Qua data porta ruunt——

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat Orontem.

Fortemque vehebat Orontem.

Non *fidum*, quia epitheton Achatae notissimum
Oronti nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur; pronusque *magister*

Volvitur in caput——

Excutitur: pronusque *magis ter*

Volvitur in caput——

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripſisse, quod plane
confirmatur ex sequentibus —— *Ast illum ter fluctus*
ibidem torquet——

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto

Arma virum——

Armi hominum: ridicule antea *arma virum*, quæ,
ex ferro conflata, quo modo possunt *natare*?

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur undas.

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter per perlabitur *udas*.

Summas, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonasmus est: miri-
fice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem
exprimit; simili modo noster de Camilla, *Æn. xi.*

Ille

Illā vel intactā segetis per summa volaret, &c.
hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faeces* et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat.
Jam *faeces* et saxa volant, fugiuntque ministri:
Uti solent, instanti periculo—*Faeces* facibus longe
praestant, quid enim nisi *faeces* jactarent vulgus for-
didum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.
Fronte sub adversa *populis praevalentibus* antrum.
Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus*:
nugae! nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad
potandum, et *sedilia* ad discumbendum, dari? in
quorum usum? quippe *praevalentium*.

X. Ver. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo——
Tres littore *cervos*
Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo——
Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hae
animalia in Africa non inventa, quis nescit? at *mo-*
tus et *ambulandi ritus* corvorum, quis non agnovit
hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noster
alibi,

Et sola in sicca secum spatiat arena.
Omen praeclarissimum, immo et *agminibus militum*
frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones*.
Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones*.

XII.

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, O juvenes, *tectis succedite nostris.*
Leetis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione,
 et quæ unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat:
 hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio, O *juve-*
nes! Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepi-
 de innuit. *Æn.* iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpæ*:

Anna! fatebor enim——

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [viro scil.] potui succumbere: culpas,

Anna! fatebor enim, &c.

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VER. I.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
 Inde toro *pater Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuerunt omnes, *intentique* ora tenebant;

Inde toro *satur Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuerunt, quia toro *Æneam* vidimus accum-
 bentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere* et *ora*
tenebant, tautologice dictum. In manuscripto per-
 quam rarissimo in patris museo, legitur, *ore geme-*
bant: sed magis ingeniosè quam verè. *Satur Æneas*,
 quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil
 ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse:
 quod satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum
 cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc lo-
 cum sibi ascivit in hæc verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanas

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum
Diruerint——

Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus *oves* et armenta divitiarum regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam, in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. VER. 5.

Quæque ipse *miserrima* vidi,

Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quæque ipse *miserrimus* audi,

Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas proficitur: multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. VER. 7.

Quis talia *fando*

Temperet a lacrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*,

Temperet in lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lachrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo

Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo

Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,

Et breviter Trojæ *supremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed si tantus amor *curas cognoscere noctis*,

Et breve ter Trojæ *superumque* audire labores.

Cura noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiose (vel ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophem denotat, quam diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. Ter audire gratam fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores exposcit*: ter enim pro sæpe usurpatur. Trojæ, *superumque* labores, recte quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide *Æn.* ii. ver. 610. &c.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuquo*
Incipiam.— [refugit,

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque*
resurgit.

Resurgit multo proprius dolorem *renascentem* notat, quam ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. VER. 19.

Fracli bello, fatisque repulsi

Ductores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,

Instar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte,

Ædificant—&c.

Tracli bello, fatisque repulsi.

Tracli et *repulsi*, antithesis perpulchra! *Fracli* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) zideamus; quem si *equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: solæ enim femellæ utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusso insonuere cavae*—Atque utero *sonitam quater arma dedere*—*Inclusos* utero Danaos, &c. Vox foeta non convenit maribus.—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Foeta armis—*Palladem virginem*, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat? et incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *equae* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri causa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, genus pro sexu, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

AN ESSAY of the learned MARTINUS
SCRIBLERUS, concerning the ORIGIN of
SCIENCES.

Written to the most learned Dr. ——— F. R. S.
from the deserts of Nubia.

AMONG all the enquiries, which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head, than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences, which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those, who first brought them amongst us, attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means; since I write this from the deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyzes; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed, that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Egyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received them, is yet a secret. The highest period of time, to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first of empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people called the *Pygmæans*. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer *, Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars, and revolutions, and from the very air in which those authors speak of them as of things known, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military achievements, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt, but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government; tho' there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time, and such sudden periods have been put to them, as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture, that the like happened to this nation from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested; it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the Balears was wasted by rabbits, Smythie by mice †, and of late Bermudas almost depopulated by rats ‡. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their desarts, where they lived undisturbed, till they were found out by Osiris, in his travels to instruct mankind.

"He met," says Diodorus §, "in Æthiopia a sort of little satyrs, who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader Pan accompanied him in his expedition for the civilizing of mankind." Now, of this great personage Pan, we have a very particular description in the ancient writers; who unanimously agree to represent him shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half

* Il. iii. Hom.

† Eustathius in Hom. Il. i.

‡ Speede, in Bermudas.

§ Lib. i. c. 18, Diod.

a beast, and walking erect with a staff, (the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us). And since the chief thing to which he applied himself, was the civilizing of mankind, it should seem that the first principles of science must be received from that nation, to which the gods were, by Homer *, said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Ægypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find, that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant, saith Diodorus †, " whence Silenus derived his birth, " through his great antiquity; but he had a tail " on his lions, as likewise had all his progeny in " sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men, who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated order of Gymnosophists. For, whoever observes the scene and manner of their life, will easily find them to have imitated with all exactness imaginable the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest woods, to go naked, to suffer their bodies to be over run with hair, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch says ‡, " they eat what they " could get in the fields, their drink was water,

* Il. i.

† Diod. Lib. iii. c. 69.

‡ Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's fortune.

“and their bed made of leaves or moss.” And Herodorus † tells us, that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many ants or creeping things.

Hence we see, that the two nations which contend for the origin of learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contested, which was first blest with the rise of science, yet have they conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Ægypt is well known to have worshiped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same, from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of these hairy philosophers; in just gratitude, as it should seem, to the mouth, from which they received their knowledge.

Pass we now over into Greece: where we find Orpheus returning out of Ægypt with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was, that Greece first heard the name of satyrs, or owned them for semidei. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called king by Theocritus *. If this much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all antiquity. One is that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus; which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we most insist upon, is the fabulous story of the gods compressing women in woods under bestial appearances; which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said

† Herodot. lib. i.

* Πάν Ἀναξ, Theocr. Id. i.

to have been compressed in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, it is highly credible, that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances, is that great mimic genius, *Æsop* †, for whose extraction from these *sylvestres homines* we may gather an argument from *Planudes*, who says, that *Æsop* signifies the same thing as *Æthiop*, the original nation of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage; insomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners and come to court in wearing apparel. The third proof is his acute and satyrical wit; and lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions.

The next instance I shall produce is *Socrates* ‡. First, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men: secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat nosed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: thirdly, he turned certain fables of *Æsop* into verse, probably out of his respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women with whom these *Sylvans* would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces; so that

† Vit. *Æsop*. initio.

‡ Vid. *Plato* and *Xenophon*.

our fages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles: it arose in one generation to their arms, in the second it invaded their necks, in the third it gained the ascendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immersed, became completed. Though we must here observe, that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity; there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not so intire, but there still appeared marvelous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and survey his order! how did they cast themselves into the same forms for march or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution which they enjoyed while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mixed, who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of Fauns*, *a fando*, or speaking. Such was he, who coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable æra, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers increased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive

* Livy.

the simpler wisdom of these antient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's * time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only shewed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons, who are related in the sixth Bucolic to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden called *Æglé*, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great Pygmaean empire, and several hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embellished their morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolicas an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved

* Plutarch in Vita Syllae.

a dumb philosopher; and only instructed by action,

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of the true race, is said by St. Jerome to have met St. Anthony † in a desert, who enquiring the way of him, he shewed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices which I am at present able to gather, of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince most learned and communicative, to whom in Malabar their excess of zeal dedicated a temple, raised on seven hundred pillars not inferior in Maffæus's * opinion to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisnagar 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linschotten ‡, the immense sum of seven hundred thousand du-

† Vita St. Anth.

* Maff. lib. 1,

‡ Linschot. ch. 44.

cats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due respect Oran Outang the Great, the last of this line; whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Oran Outang whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher: Oran Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson* has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet, even at this time, what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons? with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life? and what surprising relations have Le Comte†, and others, given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them? If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a term of life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of those who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive, longæval, and antediluvian man-tygers, who first taught science to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what, but that they should abate of their pride, and consider that the authors of our

* Dr. Tyson's anatomy of a pigmy, 4to.

† Father Le Comte, a Jesuit, in the account of his travels.

knowledge are among the beasts. That these, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers, who flourished with learning in *Æthiopia* and *India*, are now undistinguished, and known only by the same appellation as the man-tyger, and the monkey!

As to speech, I make no question, that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "that they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it necessary not to show themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now were it possible, that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation, where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions? no nation, where the women, with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear

bear my native country prompts me to wish this nation might be Great Britain; but alas! in our present wretched, divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour-state, would incline me to wish it were Holland—*Sed læva in parte mamillæ Nil salit Arcadico.* It is from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height. May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tygers, I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? the man-tygers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning, to form comedians and dancing-masters; and marmosets, court-pages, and young English travellers? But the distinguishing each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the Jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale et frueri.





ANNUS MIRABILIS:

O R,

The wonderful effects of the approaching conjunction of the planets Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.*

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ———*

I SUPPOSE every body is sufficiently apprised of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this instant December 1722, foretold by all the sages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the metamorphostical conjunction: a word which denotes the mutual transformation of sexes, (the effect of that configuration of the celestial bodies), the human males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have represented this great transformation by several significant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obelisk, a barber and a midwife: the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and she her swaddling cloaths to the barber. Accordingly Thales Milesius; (who, like the rest of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians.) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, “Then,” says he, “shall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of shaving and childbearing.”

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N

Anaximander

Anaximander modestly describes this metamorphosis in mathematical terms : “ Then, (says he,) shall the negative quantity of the women be turned into positive, their — into †, (i. e.) their minus into plus.”

Plato not only speaks of this great change, but describes all the preparations towards it. “ Long before the bodily transformation,” (says he,) “ Nature shall begin the most difficult part of her work, by changing the ideas and inclinations of the two sexes: men shall turn effeminate, and women manly; wives shall domineer, and husbands obey; ladies shall ride a-horseback, dressed like cavaliers; princes and nobles appear in night-rails and petticoats; men shall squeak upon theatres with female voices, and women corrupt virgins; lords shall knot and cut paper; and even the northern people, *ἀρσένια καὶ ἄνδρην ὀρεῖν* :” A phrase (which for modesty’s sake I forbear to translate,) which denotes a vice too frequent amongst us.

That the ministry foresaw this great change, is plain from the callico-act; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England, to convert their useless female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-stools; undressing themselves, as it were, before their transformation.

The philosophy of this transformation will not seem surprising to people who search into the bottom of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has shewn us, how man was at first created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of propagation within himself: a circumstance necessary to the state of innocence, wherein a man’s happiness was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his female mate. Many such transformations of individuals have been well attested; particularly one by Montaigne, and another

another by the late bishop of Salisbury. From all which it appears, that this system of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer, several alterations. Every smatterer in anatomy knows, that a woman is but an introverted man; a new fusion and flatus will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into convexity: but I forbear for the sake of my modest men-readers, who are in a few days to be virgins.

In some subjects the smallest alterations will do: some men are sufficiently spread about the hips, and contrived with that female softness, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there are women who are, as it were, already the *ebauche* * of a good sturdy man. If nature could be puzzled, it will be how to bestow the redundant matter of the exuberant bobbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the short dapper fellows into well-sized women.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th instant. Accordingly about eight at night, as Senezino shall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he shall be observed to make an unusual motion; upon which the audience will be affected with a red suffusion over their countenance: and, because a strong succussion of the muscles of the belly is necessary towards performing this great operation, both sexes will be thrown into a profuse involuntary laughter. Then, to use the modest terms of Anaximander, "shall negative quantity be turned into positive," &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble such a number of untouched virgins within those walls! but, alas! such will be the impatience and curiosity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the disorders that may happen upon this occasion, is the chief design of this paper.

* Sketch, rough draught, or essay.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this conjunction to compass their filthy purposes. They tell the ladies forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable commodity, hardly of so much value as a callico under-petticoat; since, like its mistress, it will be useless in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the dishonour and immorality of the action, I desire they will consider, that nature, who never destroys her own productions, will exempt big bellied women till the time of their lying-in; so that not to be transformed will be the same as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortress, that is to be demolished in a few days, let them reflect, that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence to be brought to bed of a bastard; a posthumous bastard, as it were, to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a dry nurse.

This wonderful transformation is the instrument of nature to balance matters between the sexes. The cruelty of scornful mistresses shall be returned; the slighted maid shall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly and a bastard.

It is hardly possible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phenomenon will occasion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to see the proceedings of the parliament of Paris, as to the title of succession to the crown; this being a case not provided for by the *Salique* law. There will be no preventing disorders among friars and monks: for certainly vows of chastity do not bind, but under the sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a scandal amongst Protestants for husbands and wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *debitum conjugale*, by the husband being *femme converté*. I submit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe, whether
this

this transformation does not discharge all suits of rapes.

The Pope must undergo a new groping; but the false prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his successors; for as the Grand Signior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen, at his devotion.

These are surprising scenes; but I beg leave to affirm, that the solemn operations of nature are subjects of contemplation, not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earnest request to the merry fellows, and gigling girls about town, that they would not put themselves in a high twitter, when they go to visit a general lying in of his first child; his officers serving as midwives, nurses, and rockers dispensing caudle; or if they behold the Reverend prelates dressing the heads and airing the linen at court; I beg they will remember that these offices must be filled with people of the greatest regularity, and best characters. For the same reason I am sorry, that a certain prelate, who, notwithstanding his confinement *, still preserves his healthy, cheerful countenance, cannot come in time to be a nurse at court.

I likewise earnestly intreat the maids of honour, (then ensigns and captains of the guard), that at their first setting out they have some regard to their former station; and do not run wild through all the infamous houses about town: That the present grooms of the bed-chamber (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in their green sickness: And in general, that the men would remember they are become retromingent, and not by inadvertency lift up against walls and posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the clergy; but balls and assemblies will be indecent for some time.

* In December 1723.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chamber maids (the future ministers, plenipotentiaries, and cabinet-counsellors, to the princes of the earth), manage the great intrigues that will be committed to your charge with your usual secrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your masters will go on better than ever.

O ye exchange women! (our right worshipful representatives that are to be), be not so griping in the sale of your ware as your predecessors, but consider that the nation, like a spendthrift heir, has run out: Be likewise a little more continent in your tongue than you are at present, else the length of debates will spoil your dinners.

You housewifely good women, who now preside over the confectionary, (henceforth commissioners of the treasury), be so good as to dispense the sugar plumbs of the government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and censorious old maids (the hopes of the bench), exert but your usual talent of finding faults, and the laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such slender evidences as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyster-merchants of Billingsgate, (just ready to be called to the bar, and quoised like your sister serjeants,) that we expect the shortening the time, and lessening the expences of law suits: for I think you are observed to bring your debates to a short issue; and even custom will restrain you from taking the oyster, and leaving only the shell to your client.

O ye physicians, who, in the figure of old women, are to clean the tripe in the markets, scour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare most deliciously on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this happy transformation; the only expedient left to restore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind.

This

This is so evident, that it is almost an affront to common sense to insist upon the proof: if there can be any such stupid creature as to doubt it, I desire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone at present about a million of sturdy fellows, under the denomination of standing forces, with arms in their hands: that those are masters of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of all the rest, I believe no body will deny. It is no less true in fact, that reams of paper, and above a square mile of skins of vellum have been employed to no purpose to settle peace among those sons of violence. Pray who is he that will say unto them, "Go and disband yourselves? but lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the *halcyon* days of public tranquillity return: for neither the military temper nor discipline can taint the soft sex for a whole age to come: *bellaque martibus invisa*, wars odious to mothers, will not grow immediately palatable in their paternal state.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be less in family tranquillity, than it is in national. Great faults will be amended, and frailties forgiven, on both sides. A wife, who has been disturbed with late hours, and choaked with the haugout of a sot, will remember her sufferings, and avoid the temptations; and will for the same reason indulge her mate in his female capacity in some passions, which she is sensible from experience are natural to the sex, such as vanity of fine cloaths being admired, &c. And how tenderly must she use her mate under the breeding qualms and labour-pains which she hath felt herself? In short, all unreasonable demands upon husbands must cease, because they are already satisfied from natural experience, that they are impossible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen those of their household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of *Their most sincere wellwisher,*

M. S.

A



A

SPECIMEN of SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS.

STRADLING Versus STILES.

Le report del case argue en le commen banke devant tous les justices de le mesme banke, en le quart. An. du raygne de Roy Jacques, entre *Matthew Stradling*, plant. *Peter Stiles*, def. en un action propter certos equos coloratos, Anglice, *pyed horses*, *post.* per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel “ **S**IR John Swale, of Swale-hall, in del case. “ Swaledale, fast by the river Swale, “ Kt. made his last will and testament: in which, “ among other bequests, was this, viz. Out of the “ kind love and respect that I bear unto my much “ honoured and good friend Mr. Matthew Stradling, Gent. I do bequeath unto the said Matthew Stradling, Gent. all my black and white horses. “ The testator had six black horses, six white horses and six pyed horses.

Le point. “ The debate therefore was, whether “ or no the said Matthew Stradling “ should have the said pyed horses, by virtue of “ the said bequest.

Pour le pl. “ Atkens apprentice pour le pl. Moy “ semble que le pl. recouvrera.

“ And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the nature of horses, and also what “ is the nature of colours; and so the argument “ will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, “ that is to say, the formal part, and substantial “ part

“ part. Horses are the substantial part, or thing
 “ bequeathed : black and white, the formal or de-
 “ scriptive part.

“ Horse, in a physical sense, doth import a cer-
 “ tain quadrupede or four-footed animal, which,
 “ by the apt and regular disposition of certain pro-
 “ per and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and
 “ constituted for the use and need of man. Yea,
 “ so necessary and conducive was this animal con-
 “ ceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal,
 “ that sundry and divers acts of parliament have
 “ from time to time been made in favour of horses.
 1st Edward VI. “ makes the transporting of
 “ horses out of the kingdom, no less a penalty than
 “ the forfeiture of 40 l.”

2d and 3d Edward VI. “ takes from horse-steal-
 “ ers the benefit of their clergy.”

And the statutes of the 27th and 32d of Henry
 VIII. “ condescend so far as to take care of their
 “ very breed : these our wise ancestors prudently
 “ foreseeing, that they could not better take care
 “ of their own posterity, than by also taking care
 “ of that of their horses.

“ And of so great esteem are horses in the eye
 “ the common law, that when a knight of the
 “ Bath committeth any great and enormous crime,
 “ his punishment is to have his spurs chopt off with
 “ a cleaver, being, as Master Brackton well obser-
 “ veth, unworthy to ride on a horse.”

Littleton, sect. 315. saith, “ If tenants in com-
 “ mon make a lease reserving for rent a horse, they
 “ shall have but one assize, because (saith the book,)
 “ the law will not suffer a horse to be severed. An-
 “ other argument of what high estimation the law
 “ maketh of an horse.

“ But as the great difference seemeth not to be
 “ so much touching the substantial part, horses,
 “ let us proceed to the formal or descriptive part,

viz.

“ viz. what horses they are that come within this bequest.

“ Colours are commonly of various kinds and different sorts; of which white and black are the two extremes, and, consequently, comprehend within them all other colours whatsoever.

“ By a bequest therefore of black and white horses, gray or pyed horses may well pass; for when two extremes, or remotest ends of any thing are devised, the law, by common intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

“ But the present case is still stronger, coming not only within the intendment, but also the very letter of the words.

“ By the word *black*, all the horses that are black are devised; by the word *white*, are devised those that are white; and by the same word, with the conjunction copulative, *and*, between them, the horses that are black and white, that is to say, pyed, are devised also.

“ Whatever is black and white is pyed, and whatever is pyed is black and white; *ergo*, black and white is pyed, and, *vice versa*, pyed is black and white.

“ If therefore black and white horses are devised, pyed horses shall pass by such devise; but black and white horses are devised; *ergo*, the pl. shall have the pyed horses.

Pour le defend. “ Catlyne sergeant: *Moy semble al' contrary*, the plaintiff, shall not have the pyed horses by intendment; for, if by the devise of black and white horses, not only black and white horses, but horses of any colour between these two extremes may pass, then not only pyed and grey horses, but also red or bay horses would pass likewise; which would be absurd, and against reason. And this is another strong argument in law, *Nihil, quod est contra rationem, est licitum*; “ for

" for reason is the life of the law, nay, the common
 " law is nothing but reason ; which is to be under-
 " stood of artificial perfection and reason gotten by
 " long study, and not of man's natural reason ; for
 " *nemo nascitur artifex*, and legal reason *est summa*
 " *ratio* ; and therefore if all the reason, that is
 " dispersed into so many different heads, were uni-
 " ted into one, he could not make such a law as
 " the law of England ; because by many successions
 " of ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave
 " and learned men ; so that the old rule may be ve-
 " rified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientio-*
 " *rem*.

" As therefore pyed horses do not come within
 " the intendment of the bequest, so neither do they
 " within the letter of the words.

" A pyed horse is not a white horse, neither is
 " a pyed a black horse ; how then can pyed horses
 " come under the words of black and white horses ?

" Besides, where custom hath adapted a certain
 " determinate name to any one thing, in all devises,
 " feofments, and grants, that certain name shall
 " be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory
 " descriptions shall be allowed ; for certainty is the
 " father of right, and the mother of justice.

" *Le reste del argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo*
 " *sui disturb en mon place.*

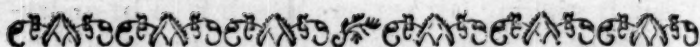
" *Le court fuit longement en doubt' de c'est matter ;*
 " *et apres grand deliberation eu,*

" *Judgment fuit donné pour le pl. nisi causa.*

" Motion in arrest of judgement, that the pyed
 " horses were mares ; and thereupon an inspection
 " was prayed.

" *Et sur ceo le court advisare vult."*





A KEY TO THE LOCK :

O R,

A Treatise, proving, beyond all contradiction, the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intituled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion.

Written in the year 1714.

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth, and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in allegory and fable. If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of John Bull and his wife; if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an ant with a white straw is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of count Tariff.

But if any of these malevolent have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were, gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, intituled, *the Rape of the Lock*; which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that, when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no

way better judge of the true intent of it, than by considering who is the author, what is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed Papist, is well-known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause, may have been corrupted in the course of his education by Jesuits or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which he had been (perhaps artfully,) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible, that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws, to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread Popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government: for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his Popish friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government, by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published, it was my fortune to step into the cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he said, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me he was a Roman Catholic knight.

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and shewing his snuff-box and cane

to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a Roman Catholic lord.

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint in his dedication *, that he meant something further. This lady is also a Roman Catholic. At the same time others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room; and all of them Roman Catholics.

But to proceed to the work itself:

In all things which are intricate, as allegories in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clue at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate composition.

First then, let it be observed, that in the most demonstrative sciences some *postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY †.

I. First then, I shall discover, that Belinda represents Great Britain, or, which is the same thing, her late Majesty. This is plainly seen in his description of her:

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore:

* "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed,) resembles "you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

† For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see The Conduct of the Allies; and Remarks on the Barrier Treaty, vol. ii.

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her white cliffs, and to the cross which is the ensign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the Lock, or barrier-treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, who lent the scissars, my Lady Masham.

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the Lock, or Treaty, the Duchess of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestris to redemand it of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterwards; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first part of the Baron's character is his being adventurous, or enterprising, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice:

—————*an altar built*

Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances; these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances; hinting thereby, that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the French romances above mentioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a fan, which,

both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the ladies of the bed-chamber. The garter alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the sense, call the half pair of gloves a gauntlet, the token of those military employments, which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayer soon to obtain, and long to possess.

*The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.*

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the Duchess of Marlborough, appears both by her nearness to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent suggestion that she is a lover of war.

To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries:

But more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things she says, Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance? Was it for this so much paper has been spent to secure the barrier-treaty?

*Methinks, already I your tears survey;
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast.*

This describes the aspersions under which that good Princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty;
and

and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her Majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with Prince Eugene.

*Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes———*

It is remarkable, this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His earnest eye, or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstances of a round unthinking face.

Having now explained the chief characters of his human persons (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the bye, in the sequel of this discourse), I shall next take in pieces his machinery, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The Sylphs and Gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation, for these being placed in the air, and those on the earth, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, high and low. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the heads of parties; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation.

*These erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth' the Sylphs contrive it all.*

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration ; for, speaking of these spirits, he says in express terms.

——— *The chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.*

And here let it not seem odd, if, in this mysterious way of writing, we find the same person, who has before been represented by the baron, again described in the character of Ariel, it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St. Evremont, that all the different characters in Petronius are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarachus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We observe in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the ear of Belinda ; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the Queen. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line :

He rais'd his azure wand.

His sitting on the mast of a vessel shews his presiding over the South-sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his Sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty ? But let us hear the lines.

——— *Ye spirits, to your charge repair,
Th' jutt'ring fan be Zeph,retta's care ;*

The

*The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine :
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock.*

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed-chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majesty's dresser, and impudently given nick-names to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the Sylphs are said to be wonderful fond of place, in the canto following, where Ariel is perched uppermost, and all the rest take their places subordinately under him.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel, without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the character of the Baron before :

*Amaz'd confus'd, he saw his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.*

Being another prophecy that he should resign his place, which it is probable all ministers do, with a sigh.

At the head of the Gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen ; a vile and malicious suggestion against some grave and worthy minister. The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described in the house of spleen, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the whimsical.

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the scissars at the loss of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly

doubtedly understood my Lord Townshend, who at that time received a wound in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was cut out of his employment upon the dissolution of it: but that spirit reunites, and receives no harm; to signify that it came to nothing, and his Lordship had no real hurt by it,

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing, that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under angels and men, so he has others under animals and things inanimate: he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a dog, and a noted writer as a tool. Let us examine the former.

— *But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.*

By this shock it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his tongue, that is, with his sermon, which made so much noise, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a dog. Or perhaps, by his tongue may be more literally meant his speech at his trial, since immediately thereupon our author says, her eyes opened on a billet-doux. Billet-doux being addreses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted those addreses of loving subjects to her Majesty, which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third Canto.

*Steel did the labours of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy.*

Steel

*Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.*

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her Majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steel. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at ombre is a mystical representation of the late war, which is hinted by his making spades the trump, spade in Spanish signifying a sword, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the two that play against her, viz. the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:

*Ev'n mighty pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd—*

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transactions, is very plain, from an unguarded stroke towards the end of this game:

*And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.*

After

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and thanksgivings are ridiculed in the two following lines :

*The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.*

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation, in the manner of a prophecy, (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in,) that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterwards be cursed, which was then celebrated with so much joy :

*Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.*

As the game at ombre is a satirical representation of the late war; so is the tea-table that ensues, of the council-table and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the trade in this place, appears by the passage, which represents the sylphs particularly careful of the rich brocade; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that French brocades were imported in great quantities. I will not say he meant those presents of rich gold stuff suits, which were said to be made her majesty by the king of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry in plain terms taking frequent cups,

And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee by his calling it

Coffee,

Coffee that makes the politician wise ;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

*Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems——*

I shall only further observe, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the council board, should the barrier treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing contentions of the parties, upon the loss of that treaty, are described in the squabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise,

All side in parties——

and here you have a Gentleman who sinks beside the chair: a plain allusion to a noble Lord, who lost his chair of president of the council.

I come next to the bodkin, so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British sceptre, so revered in the hand of our late august Princess. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain they need no remark.

*The same (his ancient personage to deck)
Her great grandfire wore about his neck
In three seal rings, which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown ;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew ;
When in a bodkin grace'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.*

An open satire upon hereditary right ! The three seal rings plainly allude to the three kingdoms,
These

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that both should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

*Behold how oft the ambitious aims are crost,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.*

The lock at length is turned into a star, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious peace. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with these lines:

*God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.*

Whatever this author may think of that peace, I imagine it the most extraordinary star that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star, that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone, (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules,) but all true Britons may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate the fall of Lewis in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the fate of Rome in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shown, that it hath two different walks of satire; the one in the story itself, which

which is a ridicule on the late transactions in general, the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the ministers of state in particular. I shall now shew that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to popery, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of guardian-angels and patron-saints in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of Popish superstition that hath been exploded ever since the reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st, The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2^{dly}, A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each person in particular.

*Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite—*

3^{dly}, They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations.

*Her guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy rest,
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream—*

4^{thly}, They are made to be subordinate in different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command,

Superior by the head was Ariel place'd.

5^{thly}, They are employed in various offices, and each hath its office assigned him.

*Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course, &c.*

6thly, He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of dress; intimating thereby, that the saints preside over the several parts of human bodies. They have one saint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest.

*The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.*

7thly, They are represented to know the thoughts of men:

*As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind.*

8thly, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9thly, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

Of these the chief, the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the Papists to defend England, St. Patrick Ireland, St. James Spain, &c. Now, what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to pray to them.

The toilette is an artful recommendation of the masks, and pompous ceremonies of the church of Rome. The unveiling of the altar, the silver vases upon it, being robed in white as the priests are upon the chief festivals, and the head uncovered, are manifest marks of this.

*A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends——*

plainly denotes image-worship.

The goddess, who is decked with treasures, jewels, and the various offerings of the world, manifestly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the incense-pot in the following line.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the popish religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

*Not with more glories in th' ætherial plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Then issuing forth the rival of his beams,
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.*

She is dressed with a cross on her breast, the emblem of popery, the adoration of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

*On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.*

Next he represents her as the universal church, according to the boasts of the papists:

And like the sun she shines on all alike,

After which he tells us,

*If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.*

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines :

*For this, ere Phæbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.*

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to matins; in the second, by adoring every power, the invocation of saints.

Belinda's visits are described with numerous wax-lights, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Roman worship.

*—Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.*

The lunar sphere he mentions, opens to us their purgatory, which is seen in the following line :

Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

It is a popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world, but he must touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here also represented as the treasury of the Romish church. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the moon should be purgatory, when a learned divine hath in a late treatise proved the sun to be hell *.

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern; in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true History, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua, and I doubt not he will do me the

* The Reverend Dr, Swinden.

justice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are reduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general scope and bent of the work, and from the several particulars: furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid; as any modern interpretation of either party on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able state-decypherers themselves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully proved, or more safely sworn to!

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him; nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire; and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many farther discoveries might be made, both of this poet's and abettor's secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the government.



MEMOIRS of P. P. Clerk of this Parish.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted in two large volumes in folio; which might justly be entitled, *The Importance of a man to himself*; but, as it can be of very little use to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the LORD. Amen. I P. P. by the grace of God, clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish-clerk: and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now, it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord, Anno Domini 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Esquire Bret, did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "That one and the same day did give
" to this our church two rare gifts, its great bell
" and its clerk."

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter, in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such

as

as the lady and death, the children in the wood and chevy chase; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after Master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God,) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch, that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an hat, that was edged with silver gagoon: but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins weaver, and behold my head was broke a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trinkled therefrom. But I administred to my comfort, saying within myself, "what man is there, howsoever dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies: thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and, to do away

away mine offences, and make her some atonement; was joined to her in holy wedlock on the Sabbath day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! for the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners,) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

[Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.]

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron;

Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Thompson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young master the Esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation;

congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

[The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:]

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses, which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though against my heart, unto poor babes in tearing from them the half-eaten apples, which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did make plain and smooth the dogs ears throughout our great bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water), and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

[Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us, he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handy-craftsman.

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable

table enough to be rehearsed: how, that, being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a wash ball, and with lamp-black powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I had once the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Francis her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was intrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady to set an heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his Majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

[The rest of this chapter I purposely omit; for it must be owned, that when he speaks as a shoemaker, he is very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his shoes, of tanning the hides of the bulls of Basan, of Simon the tanner, &c.; and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.

The next relates how he discovered a thief with a bible and key, and experimented verses of the psalms, that had cured agues.

I pass over many others, which informs us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; a list of the weekly texts; what psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what children were born and buried: the last of which articles he concludes thus:]

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done pen-
nance

nance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the church wardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

[The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I transcribe.]

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the Psalms of King David should be hymned unto the same tunes, to which he played them upon his harp; (so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody). Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the solfa, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like unto excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow parishioners in this new manner of worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

[Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the law-suits of the parson and his parishioners concerning tythes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the "history might be compleated by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended."

The next contains an account of the briefts read in the church, and all the sums collected upon each. "For the reparation of nine churches, collected at "nine several times, 2 s. and 7 d. 3-4ths. For 50 "families

“ families ruined by fire, 1 s. 1-half. For an in-
 “ undation, a King Charles groat, given by Lady
 “ Francis, &c.”

In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words: “ Ah !
 “ let not the relations of the deceased grudge the
 “ small expence of an hat-band, a pair of gloves,
 “ and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure
 “ to receive from a pious divine, that their father,
 “ brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.”

In another, he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but, after great encomiums, concludes, that, notwithstanding all, “ she was an
 “ unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and
 “ never once having furnished God’s church with
 “ a christening.”

We find in another chapter, how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic, “ that animals might have rational,
 “ nay, immortal souls ; but how he was again comforted with the reflection, that if so, they might
 “ be allowed Christian burial, and greatly augment
 “ the fees of the parish.”

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church-officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach ; but above all how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the use of texts. “ Let a preacher, (saith he,) consider the
 “ assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto
 “ them adapt his text. Micah the 3d and 11th affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-

“ serving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord and say, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the first minister to appoint a preacher before the house of commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these words? *Give, and it shall be given unto ye. Or before the lords, Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, *Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire,* Plal civ. 4.” We omit many others of his texts as too tedious.

[From this period the stile of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.]

We are now, says he, arrived at that celebrated year, in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the interest of our high-church at heart, neither would I at any season, mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I, from my infancy, abhorred more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself, that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose, I did institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men at the rose and crown ale-house, over whom myself, though unworthy, did preside. Yea, I did read to them the post-boy of Mr Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late excise-man; Tho-

mas White, wheel-wright; and myself. First, of the first, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed an horse of a whig or a fanatic, but he lamed sorely,

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly been fervitor at Maudlin-college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto other ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament spoke of the same unto other members of parliament, who spoke thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

[After this, the book is turned on a sudden from his own life, to a history of all the public transactions of Europe, compiled from the news-papers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last, to my no small astonishment, that all the measures of the four last years of the Queen, together with the peace of Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ormond, Lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert

bert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcock, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country on purpose; but could not find the least trace of him: till by accident I met an old clergyman, who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon enquiry, all we could learn of that person from the neighbourhood, was, that he had been taken notice of for swallowing loaches, and remembered by some people by a black and white cur with one ear, that constantly followed him.

In the church-yard I read his epitaph, said to be written by himself.

*O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, death is a man,
That never spareth none.*





THOUGHTS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I.

PARTY is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

II.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most virulent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians: and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

III.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

IV.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

V.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

VI.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work; which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

VII. Every

VII.

Every man has just as much vanity, as he wants understanding.

VIII.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

IX.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

X.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

XI.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

XII.

Our passions are like convulsion-fits, which, tho' they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker for ever after.

XIII.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

XIV.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him

him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superiour to the other, by forgiving it.

XV.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of ; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

XVI.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

XVII.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions ; like children, who when they go in the dark will sing for fear.

XVIII.

An atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety, but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise to do a good action ; like an impudent debtor who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor without ever paying what he owes.

XIX.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing ; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace : But generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit ; and a disputant no more cares for the truth, than the sportsman for the hare.

XX.

The scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties ; each man makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

XXI.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other mens houses, reform-

reforming every thing there, while their own run to ruin.

XXII.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

XXIII.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

XXIV.

People are scandalized, if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to morrow, and all the world were talking of it to day, yet why might not I laugh to think what a bustle is here about my head?

XXV.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

XXVI.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

XXVII.

A man of wit is not capable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

XXVIII.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted, there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

XXIX.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn,
pleasing

pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

XXX.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

XXXI.

He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

XXXII.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

XXXIII.

It is with followers at court, as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

XXXIV.

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions: but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

XXXV.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough to be mischievous.

XXXVI.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

XXXVII.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

XXXVIII.

A man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it.

There

XXXIX.

There are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

XL.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

XLI.

I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea of an immortal soul!

XLII.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself and with others, is no very easy task.

XLIII.

The difference betwixt what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room, or in a large salon, at small tables, or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

XLIV.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

XLV.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

XLVI.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things, we should

should most of all doubt that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things.

XLVII.

To buy books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer; is much as if a man should buy cloaths that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous taylor.

XLVIII.

It is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill-manners to whisper in it; he is displeased at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

XLIX.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

L.

Old men for the most part, are like old chronicles, that give you dull but true accounts of times past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

LI.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

LII.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

LIII.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones.

When

When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

LIV.

Human beasts, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

LV.

The most positive men are the most credulous ; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

LVI.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too like you.

LVII.

Women use lovers as they do cards ; they play with them a while, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

LVIII.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of a gamester, is ever most used as their truth is most questioned.

LIX.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

LX.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband, than one who admired the Hesperian fruit would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

LXI.

He who marries a wife, because he cannot always live chastly, is much like a man, who, find-
ing

ing a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

LXII.

Married people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as knots the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

LXIII.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants; what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sisters portions: when any of them marry, there are new divisions, and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

LXIV.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

LXV.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

LXVI.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

LXVII.

The longer we live, the more we shall be convinced, that it is reasonable to love God, and despise man, as far as we know either.

LXVIII.

The character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

LXIX.

A short and certain way to obtain the character
of

of a reasonable and wise man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

LXX.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men; a very good woman would make but a paltry man.

LXXI.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good honour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

LXXII.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them who least deserve you should do them any.

LXXIII.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

LXXIV.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for an excuse is a lie guarded.

LXXV.

Praise is like ambergrease: a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

LXXVI.

The general cry is against ingratitude, but sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

LXXVII.

I never knew any man in my life, who could

not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

LXXVIII.

Several explanations of casuists, to multiply the catalogue of sins, may be called amendments to the ten commandments.

LXXIX.

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies : the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

LXXX.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expences of any consequence. A very few pounds a-year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice,

LXXXI.

Some men's wit is like a dark lanthorn, which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way : but is never known (according to the scripture phrase) either to shine forth before men, or to glorify their father in heaven.

LXXXII.

It often happens, that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers, as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been picking at.

LXXXIII.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart ; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

LXXXIV.

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company, would lessen, if we reflected, that most people seek companions less to be talked to, than to talk.

LXXXV. Amusement

LXXXV.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

LXXXVI.

Never stay dinner for a clergyman, who is to make morning visit ere he comes; for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that asks him.

LXXXVII.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himself with running eternally after the ball, but stays till it comes to him.

LXXXVIII.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the object of reasoning; the wisdom of God and the madness of man.

LXXXIX.

Many men, prejudiced early in disfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships; and while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves, for prevention, while others only end so, after disappointment.

XC.

No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

XCI.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

XCII.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it is well enough: a scare-crow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

XCIII.

The greatest things and the most praise-worthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty well advised.

XCIV.

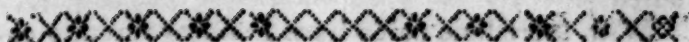
Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great ministers or men of parts in business so wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries, and when they become bad, it is generally more from a necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

XCV.

Whatever may be said against a premier or sole minister, the evil of such an one, in an absolute government, may not be great: for it is possible, that almost any minister may be a better man than a king born and bred.

XCVI.

A man coming to the water-side is surrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water-side, no noise is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect! the picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.



Law is a bottomless Pit :

O R,

The HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

Published from a manuscript found in the cabinet
of the famous Sir H. Polesworth, in the year
1712.

THE P R E F A C E.

WHEN I was first called to the office of historiographer to John Bull, he expressed himself to this purpose : “ Sir Humphrey Polesworth *, I know you are a plain-dealer ; it is for that reason I have chosen you for this important trust ; speak the truth, and spare not.” That I might fulfil those his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret retirements ; and I put the journals of all transactions into a strong box, to be opened at a fitting occasion, after the manner of the historiographers of some eastern monarchs : this I thought was the safest way ; though I declare I was never afraid to be chopped † by my master for telling of truth. It is from those journals that my memoirs are compiled : therefore let not posterity, a thousand years hence, look for truth in the voluminous annals of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret springs of great acti-

* A member of parliament, eminent for a certain cant in his conversation : of which there is a good deal in this book,

† A cant word of Sir Humphrey's.

ons ; if they do, let me tell them they will be ne-
bused †.

With incredible pains have I endeavoured to co-
py the several beauties of the * ancient and mo-
dern historians ; the impartial temper of Herodot-
us ; the gravity, austerity, and strict morals of
'Thucydides, the extensive knowledge of Xenophon
the sublimity and grandeur of Titus Livius ; and,
to avoid the careless style of Polybius, I have bor-
rowed considerable ornaments from Dionysius Ha-
licarnasseus and Diodorus Siculus. The specious
gilding of Tacitus I have endeavoured to shun.
Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paulo, are those a-
mong the moderns whom I thought most worthy
of imitation ; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as
not to own the infinite obligations I have to the
Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyan, and the Ten-
ter Belly of the reverend Joseph Hall.

From such encouragement and helps, it is easy
to guess to what a degree of perfection I might
have brought this great work, had it not been
nipt in the bud by some illiterate people in both
houses of parliament, who envying the great fi-
gure I was to make in future ages, under pretence
of raising money for the war, have padlocked † all
those very pens that were to celebrate the actions
of their heroes, by silencing at once the whole uni-
versity of Grubstreet. I am persuaded that no-
thing but the prospect of an approaching peace
could have encouraged them to make so bold a
step. But suffer me, in the name of the rest of
the matriculates of that famous university, to ask
them some plain questions : Do they think that
peace will bring along with it the golden age ?
Will there be never a dying speech of a traitor ?

† Another cant word, signifying deceived.

* A parody on Boyer's preface to his history of Queen Anne.

† Act restraining the liberty of the press, etc. which was passed
in 1712 ; and the peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1713.

Are Cethegus and Catiline turned so tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the streets, a dangerous plot? Will peace bring such plenty, that no gentleman will have occasion to go upon the highway, or break into a house; I am sorry, that the world should be so much imposed upon by the dreams of a false prophet, as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grubstreet! thou fruitful nursery of towering geniuses! How do I lament thy downfal? Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English liberty: no modern Lycæum will ever equal thy glory: whether in soft pastorals thou didst sing the flames of pampered apprentices and coy cook-maids; or mournful ditties of departing lovers; or if to Maconian strains thou rais'd thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, describing the powerful Betty or the artful Picklock, or the secret caverns and grottos of Vulcan sweating at his forge, and stamping the queen's image on viler metals, which he retails for beef, and pots of ale: or if thou wert content, in simple narrative, to relate the cruel acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of ravished virgins, blushing to tell their adventures before the listening croud of city damsels; whilst in thy faithful history thou interminglest the gravest counsels and the purest morals. Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy search and pompous description of the works of nature; whether in proper and emphatic terms thou didst paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the stupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian sagacity, thou unravellest intrigues of state, and the traiterous conspiracies of rebels, giving wise counsel to monarchs. How didst thou move our terror and our pity with thy passionate scenes
between

between Jack Catch and the heroes of the Old-Bailey! How didst thou describe their intrepid march up Holborn-hill! Nor didst thou shine less in thy theological capacity, when thou gavest ghostly counsel to dying felons, and didst record the guilty pangs of sabbath-breakers. How will the noble arts of John Overton's * painting and sculpture now languish! where rich invention, proper expression, correct design, divine attitudes, and artful contrast, heightened with the beauties of Clear-Obscure embellished thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, persuasive eloquence! the quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively simile, are fled for ever! Instead of these, we shall have, I know not what!—The illiterate will tell the rest with pleasure †!

I hope, the reader will excuse this digression due by way of condolance to my worthy brethren of Grub-street, for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overspread all its regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant tax. It has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and so long as I preserved some figure and rank amongst the learned of that society, I scorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it gratis by the professors in those universities.

* The engraver of the cuts before the Grub-street papers.

† Vid. the preface to four sermons by William Fleetwood, bishop of St. Asaph, printed in 1712; where having displayed the beautiful and pleasing prospect which was opened by the war, he complains that the spirit of discord had given us in its stead.—I know not what—Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure. This preface was by order of the House of Commons, burnt by the hangman in Palace-yard, Westminster.

Many at this time did imagine the history of John Bull, and the personages mentioned in it, to be allegorical, which the author would never own. Notwithstanding, to indulge the reader's fancy and curiosity, I have printed at the bottom of the page the supposed allusions of the most obscure parts of the story.

And now, that posterity may not be ignorant in what age so excellent a history was written (which would otherwise, no doubt, be the subject of its enquiries), I think it proper to inform the learned of future times, that it was compiled when Lewis the XIVth was king of France, and Philip his grandson, of Spain; when England and Holland, in conjunction with the emperor and the allies, entered into a war against these two princes, which lasted ten years under the management of the Duke of Marlboroug, and was put to a conclusion by the treaty of Utrecht, under the ministry of the Earl of Oxford, in the year 1713.





THE HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

The occasion of the law-suit.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels, that have happened in our neighbourhood since the death of the late Lord Strutt *; how the parson †, and a ‡ cunning attorney, got him to settle his estate upon his cousin § Philip Baboon, to the great disappointment of his cousin § Esquire South. Some stick not to say, that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons: let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know, that the Lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well-conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c. all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to

* Charles II. of Spain died without issue, and

† Card. Portocarrero, and the

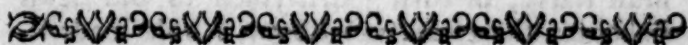
‡ Marshal of Harcourt, employed, as is supposed by the house of Bourbon, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he settled the succession of the Spanish monarchy upon

§ Philip of Bourbon Duke of Anjou, though his right had, by the most solemn renunciations, been barred in favour of

§ The Archduke Charles of Austria;

mortgage their best manors : it is credibly reported, that the butchers and bakers bill of a Lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the Lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom : the two chief were * John Bull the clothier, and † Nic. Frog the linen-draper : they told him, that the Bulls and the Frogs had served the Lord Strutts with drapery ware for many years ; that they were honest and fair dealers ; that their bills had never been questioned ; that the Lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters ; that his Lordship might depend upon their honesty ; that they would use him as kindly, as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.



C H A P. II.

How Bull and Frog grew jealous, that the Lord Strutt intended to give all his custom to his grandfather Lewis Baboon †.

IT happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it,) a *false loon*, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a *Jack*

* the English, and

† the Dutch, congratulated Philip upon a succession, which they were not able to prevent : but to disappoint the ambition of

‡ Lewis the XIV. and hinder the French nation, whose

of all trades *; sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broad-cloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery ware; high-heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe-buckles. When shop was shut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander † away at back-sword, and quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. “It is not impossible (says Frog to Bull,) but this old rogue will take the management of the young lord’s business into his hands; besides the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as any body. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon; therefore, neighbour, I hold it advisable, that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter.”



C H A P. III.

A copy of Bull and Frog’s letter to Lord Strutt.

MY LORD,

I SUPPOSE your Lordship knows, that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with

* trade and character are thus described, and whose king had a
 † strong disposition to war, from becoming too potent, an alliance was formed to “procure a reasonable satisfaction to the house of Austria for its pretensions to the Spanish succession, and sufficient

all sorts of drapery-ware time out of mind; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your Lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandfire old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your Lordship, that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Struts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your Lordship, that you must find sufficient security * to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of 20,000 l. for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your Lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your Lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentle methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprize of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not fluth in *ready*, either to go to law, or clear old debts; neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised, upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

* security to England and Holland for their dominions, navigation, and commerce, and to prevent the union of the two monarchies, France and Spain." To effect these purposes Queen Anne was by

 CH A P. IV.

How Bull and Frog went to law with Lord Strutt about the premises, and were joined by the rest of the tradesmen.

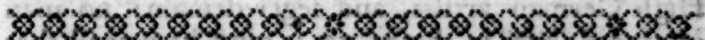
ALL endeavours of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers, proved vain; jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's * ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot, (says she,) you loiter about ale-houses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, nine pins, or puppet-shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon't! up man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be sousted by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to council learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their law-suit.

I told you before, that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a Jack of all trades, which made the rest of

* the parliament precipitated into the war as a principal. Among her allies were

the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned *, the chimney-sweeper of Savoy, and Tom †, the Portugal dustman, put in their claims; and the cause was put into the hands of Humphrey Hocus the attorney ‡.

A declaration was drawn up to shew, " That
 " Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there
 " were several old contracts to that purpose; that
 " Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier
 " and draper, without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods, that were
 " not marketable, without the stamp; that he
 " himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman,
 " and went about through all the country fairs
 " challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling and
 " cudgel-play; and abundance more to this purpose."



CHAP. V.

The true characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

FOR the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know, that Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at back-sword, single faulchion,

* the Duke of Savoy, and

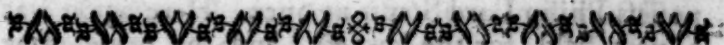
† the King of Portugal; and

‡ John Churchill Duke of Marlborough was appointed general in chief of the confederate army.

or cudgel-play ; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him : if you flattered him you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air ; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well ; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion ; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plumbs, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy law-suit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars ; covetous, frugal ; minded domestic affairs ; would pinch his belly to save his pocket ; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of High German artists, and leger-demain : no man exceeded Nic. in these ; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney ; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he shewed himself superior in address to most of his profession : he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper : he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family ; but he loved himself better than them all : the neighbours reported, that he was hen-pecked ; which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.



C H A P. VI.

Of the various success of the law suit.

LAW is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy, that devours every thing. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business: yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve his cause; there wanted not yellow boys to fee council, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favour; * and John was promised that the next, and the next would be a final determination; but alas! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the farther it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers pockets: then John began to borrow money upon Bank stock and East-India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot: at last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire.

* The war was carried on against France and Spain with great success, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance; but a partition of the Spanish dominions in favour of the house of Austria, and an engagement that the same person should never be king of France and Spain, were not now thought sufficient.

South's title *, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; where ever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their cloaths: now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, or linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other: his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and bare-footed; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef and bullock's liver: in short, no body got much by the matter, but the men of law.



C H A P. VII.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his success, that he was going to leave off his trade, and turn lawyer.

IT is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that habit is a second nature: this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench: he was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner. “How capriciously † does fate or chance dispose of mankind? How seldom is that business al-

* It was insisted, that the will in favour of Philip was contrary to treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he should be dethroned.

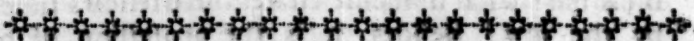
† The manners and sentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical.

“lotted

“ lotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature ?
“ It is plain, I was intended for a man of law :
“ how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter ?
“ Bless me ! what immense estates these fellows raise by the law ? Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure is it to be victorious in a cause ? to swagger at the bar ? What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade ?
“ for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be ;
“ one is never too old to learn.” All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil ; these he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses ; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs of Blackwell-hall, and price of broad cloath, wool, and bayes, he talks of nothing but “ actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, super sedas’s, certiorari’s, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipe’s and dedimus.” This was matter of jest to the learned in law ; however, Hocus, and the rest of the tribe, encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him, that he had a great genius for law ; that they questioned not, but in time they might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges ; that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a Lord Chief Justice * : as for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, John despised it ; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanics ; John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have sold a bale of broad-cloath. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent ; for though he followed his

* Hold the balance of power.

law-suit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.



C H A P. VIII.

How John discovered, that Hocus had an intrigue with his wife; and what followed thereupon.

JOHN had not run on a madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, "that the last man of the parish, that knows of his cuckoldom, is himself." It was observed by all the neighbourhood, that Hocus had dealings with John's wife * that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by John a little too late: she was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats, and balls, differed very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful,) with John's own money. Every body said, that Hocus had a month's mind to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his law-suit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swinging sum of John's readiest cash went towards building

* And it was believed, that the General tampered with the parliament.

of Hocus's country house *. This affair between Hocus and Mrs. Bull was now so open, that all the world were scandalized at it; John was not so clodpated, but at last he took the hint. The † parson of the parish preached one day with more zeal than sense against adultery. ‡ Mrs. Bull told her husband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition; that Hocus was of the same mind; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for using personal reflections; How do you mean, says John, by personal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you: "No, thank God, my
 " reputation is too well established in the world to
 " receive any hurt from such a foul mouthed
 " scoundrel as he: his doctrine tends only to make
 " husbands tyrants, and wives slaves; must we be
 " shut up, and husbands left to their liberty? Very
 " pretty indeed! a wife must never go abroad with
 " a Platonic to see a play or a ball; she must never
 " stir without her husband, nor walk in Spring-
 " garden with a cousin. I do say, husband, and
 " I will stand by it, that, without the innocent
 " freedoms of life, matrimony would be a most in-
 " tolerable state; and that a wife's virtue ought to
 " be the result of her own reason, and not of her
 " husband's government; for my part, I would
 " scorn a husband that would be jealous, if he saw

† Who settled upon him the manor of Woodstock, and afterwards entailed that, with 5000 l. per annum, payable out of the post-office, to descend with his honours; over and above this an immense sum was expended in building Blenheim-house. About this time (Nov. 6, 1709.)

* Dr. Henry Sacheverel preached a sermon against popular resistance of regal authority.

† The house of commons voted this sermon a libel on her Majesty and her government, the revolution, the protestant succession, and the parliament; they impeached him of high crimes and misdemeanours; he was silenced for three years, and the sermon burnt by the hangman.

" a fellow

" a fellow a bed with me *." All this while John's blood boiled in his veins: he was now confirmed in all his suspicions; jade, bitch, and whore, were the best words that John gave her †. Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. Bull aimed a knife at John ‡, though John threw a bottle || at her head, very brutally indeed §; and after this, there was nothing but confusion: bottles, glasses, spoons, plates, knives, forks, and dishes flew about like dust; the result of which was, that Mrs. Bull * received a bruise in her right side, of which she died half a year after. The bruise imposthumated, and afterwards turned to a stinking ulcer, which made every body shy to come near her; yet she wanted not the help of many able physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of skill could do: but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite desperate, all regular physicians, and her nearest relations, having given her over.



CHAP. IX.

How some quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull of her ulcer †.

THERE is nothing so impossible in nature but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so in-

* These proceedings caused a great ferment in the nation.

† The house complained of being aspersed and vilified; opprobrious terms were used by both parties, and one had recourse to

‡ military power, because it was assailed by the other with

|| tumult and riot.

§ The confusion every day increased: the whig or low church party in the house of commons began to decline; after much contention and debate

* the parliament was prorogued;

† and notwithstanding many attempts to prolong it, particularly some difficulties started by the

credible

credible, but they will affirm : Mrs. Bull's condition was looked upon as desperate by all the men of art ; but there were those that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaister, which being applied to the sore, would cure it in a few days ; at the same time they would give her a pill, that would purge off all her bad humours, sweeten her blood, rectify her disturbed imagination. In spite of all applications, the patient grew worse every day ; she stunk so, no body durst come within a stone's throw of her, except those quacks who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them, how Mrs. Bull did ? Better and better, said they ; the parts heal, and her constitution mends ; if she submits to our government, she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her friends in the country, that she should dance a jig next October in Westminster-hall, and that her illness had been chiefly owing to bad physicians. At last, one of them was sent for in great haste *, his patient grew worse and worse : when he came, he affirmed that it was a gross mistake, and that she was never in a fairer way : bring hither the salve, says he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments, and administering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghost, to the great confusion of the quack, and the great joy of Bull and his friends. The quack flung away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his medicines were infallible. Mrs. Bull having died without any signs of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a Christian burial. The relations had once resolved to sue John for the murder, but considering better of it, and that such a trial would rip up old sores, and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased, they dropt their

† Lord Chancellor, it was dissolved on the 21st Sept. 1710.
design.

fig. She left no will, only there was found, in her strong box, the following words, wrote on a scrip of paper, " My curse on John Bull, and all " my posterity, if ever they come to any composition with the Lord Strutt.

She left three daughters, whose names were Polemia, Discordia, and Usuria *.



C H A P. X.

Of John Bull's second wife, and the good advice that she gave him †.

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and seeing that neither his constitution, or the affairs of his family could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife; a cousin of his last wife's was proposed, but John would have no more of the breed: In short, he wedded a sober country gentlewoman, of a good family, and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper; not but that she loved money; for she was saving and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife, and this ruinous law-suit, had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in a good humour, she talked to him after the following manner. " My dear ‡, since I have " been your wife, I have observed great abuses and " disorders in your family; your servants are mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abo-

* War, faction, and usury.

† The new Parliament which was averse to the war, made

‡ a representation of the mismanagement in the several offices, particularly those for victualing and cloathing the navy and army,

“minably; your cook-maid is in a combination with
“your butcher, poulterer, and fish-monger; your
“butler purloins your liquor, and the brewer sells
“your hog-wash; your baker cheats both in weight
“and tale; even your milk-woman and your nur-
“sery-maid have a fellow-feeling; your taylor, in-
“stead of shreads, cabbages whole yards of cloth;
“besides, leaving such long scores, and not going to
“market with ready money, forces us to take bad
“ware of the tradesmen at their own price. You
“have not posted your books these ten years;
“how is it possible for a man of business to keep
“his affairs even in the world at this rate? Pray
“God this Hocus may be honest: Would to God
“you would look over his bills, and see how mat-
“ters stand between Frog and you *: Prodigious
“sums are spent in this law-suit, and more must
“be borrowed of scriveners and usurers at heavy
“interest. Besides, my dear, let me beg of you
“to lay aside that wild project of leaving your bu-
“siness to turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you
“nature never designed you. Believe me, these
“rogues do but flatter, that they may pick your
“pocket; observe what a parcel of hungry rag-
“ged fellows live by your cause: To be sure they
“will never make an end of it; I foresee this haunt
“you have got about courts, will one day or ano-
“ther bring your family to beggary. Consider, my
“dear, how indecent it is to abandon your shop,
“and follow pettifoggers; the habit is so strong
“upon you, that there is hardly a plea between two
“country esquires about a barren acre upon a com-
“mon, but you draw yourself in as bail, surety,
“or solicitor †.” John heard her all this while
with patience, till she pricked his maggot, and touch-
ed him in the tender point; then he broke out in-

* and of the sums that had been expended on the war,

† which was however still a favourite with the people.

to a violent passion, "What I not fit for a lawyer !
 " let me tell you, my clod-pated relations spoiled
 " the greatest genius in the world, when they bred
 " me a mechanic. Lord Strutt, and his old rogue
 " of a grandfire, have found, to their cost, that I
 " can manage a law-suit as well as another." "I do
 " not deny what you say," replied Mrs. Bull, " nor
 " do I call in question your parts ; but, I say, it
 " does not suit with your circumstances : You and
 " your predecessors have lived in good reputation
 " among your neighbours by the same cloathing
 " trade, and it were madness to leave it off. Be-
 " sides, there are few that know all the tricks and
 " cheats of these lawyers ; does not your own ex-
 " perience teach you, how they have drawn you on
 " from one term to another, and how you have
 " danced the round of all the courts, still flatter-
 " ing you with a final issue, and, for ought I can
 " see, your cause is not a bit clearer than it was se-
 " ven years ago." " I will be damned, says John,
 " if I accept of any composition from Strutt, or
 " his grandfather ; I will rather wheel about the
 " streets an engine to grind knives and scissars ;
 " however, I will take your advice, and look over
 " my accounts."

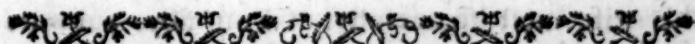


C H A P. XI.

How John looked over his attorney's bill.

WHEN John first brought out the bills, the surprize of all the family was inexpressible at the prodigious dimensions of them ; they would have measured with the best bale of cloth in John's shop. Fees to judges, puny judges, clerks, prothonotaries, philizers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclama-

proclamators, council, witnesses, jury-men, marshals, tip-staffs, criers, porters; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, caveats, examinations, filings of writs, entries, declarations, replications, recordats, *noli prosequi's*, *certiorari's*, *mittimus'es*, demurrers, special verdicts, informations, *scire facias*, *supersedeas*, *habeas corpus*, coach-hire, treating of witnesses, &c. "Verily," says John, "there are a prodigious number of learned words in this law; what a pretty science it is!" "Ay! but husband, you have paid for every syllable and letter of these fine words; bless me, what immense sums are at the bottom of the account!" John spent several weeks in looking over his bills, and, by comparing and stating his accounts, he discovered, that, besides the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for council that were never fee'd, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dressed, and journeys that were never made: in short, that the tradesmen, lawyers, and Frog, had agreed to throw the burden of the law-suit upon his shoulders.



C H A P. XII.

How John grew angry, and resolved to accept a composition; and what methods were practised by the lawyers for keeping him from it.*

WELL might the learned Daniel Burges's say, that a law-suit is a suit for life. He that

* When at length peace was thought to be eligible upon more moderate terms, a treaty was entered into by

sows his grain upon marble, will have many hungry belly before harvest. This John felt by woe-ful experience. John's cause was a good milk-cow, and many a man subsisted his family out of it. However, John began to think it high time to look about him. He had a cousin in the country, one Sir Roger Bold †, whose predecessors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as any body; but having left off the profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding law suits among their neighbours, for which they were the aversion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys. John put his cause in Sir Roger's hands, desiring him to make the best it; the news had no sooner reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the rest of the tradesmen upon John: 'Squire South * swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; Frog said he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney-sweeper and Tom the dustman, complained, that their interest was sacrificed. The lawyers, solicitors, Hocus, and his clerks, were all up in arms, at the news of the composition †; they abused him and his wife most shamefully. " You silly, awkward, " ill-bred, country sow, quoth one, have you no " more manners than to rail at Hocus, that has " saved that clodpated numskulled ninny-hammer " of yours from ruin, and all his family? It is " well known, how he has rose early and sat up " late to make him easy, when he was sotting at " every ale house in town. I knew his last wife;

† Robert Harley, afterwards E. of Oxford, who was made treasurer in the stead of the Lord Godolphin, and there was now not only a new parliament, but a new ministry.

* The measure was opposed by the allies and the general.

† The house of commons was censured as totally ignorant of business.

“ she was a woman of breeding, good humour,
“ and complaisance; knew how to live in the
“ world: as for you, you look like a puppet mov-
“ ed by clock work; your cloaths hang upon you,
“ as they were upon tenter-hooks, and you come
“ into a room as if you were going to steal away a
“ piss-pot: get you gone into the country to look
“ after your mother’s poultry, to milk the cows,
“ churn the butter, and dress up nosegays for a
“ holy day, and not meddle with matters, which
“ you know no more of than the sign post before
“ your door: it is well known, that Hocus had
“ an established reputation; he never swore an
“ oath, nor told a lie in all his life: he is grateful
“ to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal
“ to his dependants, and dutiful to his superiors;
“ he values not your money more than the dust
“ under his feet, but he hates to be abused. Once
“ for all, Mrs. Mynx, leave off talking of Hocus,
“ or I will pull out those saucer eyes of yours, and
“ make that red streak country face look as raw as
“ an ox cheek upon a butcher’s stall: remember,
“ I say, that there are pillories and ducking stools.”

With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. Bull no time to reply. No stone was left unturned to fright John from his composition: sometimes they spread reports at coffee-houses *, that John and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up house, and make over all their estate to Lewis Baboon; that John had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in the streets without shoes or stockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his servants, after having been the best master alive: as for his wife, she was a mere natural. Sometimes John’s house was beset with a whole regiment of attorney’s clerks, bailiffs, and

* And it was said, that the nation would at last be sacrificed to the ambition of France.

bailiff's followers, and other small retainers of the law, who threw stones at his windows, and dirt at himself, as he went along the street. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his suit, they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. Bull should sell her linnen and wearing-cloaths.



CHAP. XII.

Mrs. Bull's vindication of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, incumbent upon wives, in case of the tyranny, infidelity and insufficiency of husbands: being a full answer to the doctor's sermon against adultery †.

JOHN found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife; amongst other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper.

IT is evident that matrimony is founded upon an original contract, whereby, the wife makes over the right she has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus*, in favour of the husband; by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But then the obligation is mutual: and where the contract is broken on one side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there must be a power to maintain it, and to punish the offending party. This power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indispensable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in all wives in the cases above-menti-

† The torics representation of the speeches at Sacheverel's trial.

oned. No wife is bound by any law, to which herself has not consented : all œconomical government is lodged originally in the husband and wife, the executive part being in the husband ; both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason : but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her share, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom ? And that she has no remedy left, but *preces et lachrymæ*, or an appeal to a supreme court of judicature ? No less frivolous are the arguments that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of a husband and wife. A husband denotes several different sorts of magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some eastern nations it signifies a tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death : in Turkey it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment : in Italy it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks : in the countries of England, France, and Holland, it has a quite different meaning, implying a free and equal government, securing to the wife, in certain cases, the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity, and conjugal fidelity.

The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases, but they naturally suppose three conditions of ability, justice and fidelity in the husband : such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife could never be supposed by reasonable men ; it seems a reflection upon the ch—ch, to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom
is

is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws; and for that I dare appeal to all wives: it is much to the honour of our English wives, that they have never given up that fundamental point; and that, though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families: such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them necessary means; for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families; unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and estates; for, if the actions from which such settlements spring, were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too: but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that Europe groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly Queen *, is not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted succession might have been avoided? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, "That one must not do evil, that good may come of it."

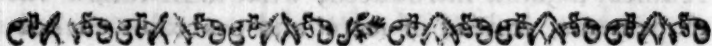
The assertors of this indefeasible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour gallants, and the pretenders to married women; for, if the true legal foundation of the mar-

* The Queen of Charles II, of Spain, upon whose death without issue the war broke out.

ried state be once sapped, and instead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what must follow but elopements, instead of secret and peaceable cuckoldom?

From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of this seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, asserting, "That the grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an absolute unconditional fidelity to the husband's bed:" by which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis, upon which the happiness of a married state is built. As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know who are those wanton wives he speaks of; who are those ladies of high stations, that he so boldly traduces in his sermon? It is pretty plain, who these aspersions are aimed at, for which he deserves the pillory or something worse.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wisest wives in all ages, who by these means have preserved their husbands families from ruin and oblivion by want of posterity: but what has been said, is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatical parson.



C H A P. XIV.

*The two great parties of wives, the Devotos and the Hitts *.*

THE doctrine of unlimited chastity and fidelity in wives was universally espoused by all husbands; who went about the country, and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty; which gave rise to two great parties amongst the wives, the Devotos and the Hitts. Though it must be owned, the distinction was more nominal than real; for the Devotos would abuse freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the name of Hitts, were often very honest. At the same time there came out an ingenious treatise with the title of good advice to husbands; in which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family-duty, and a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands was a vigorous constitution, good usage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband, who trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.

* Those who were for and against the doctrine of non resistance.



C H A P. XV.

An account of the conference between Mrs Bull and Don Diego.

THe lawyers, as their last effort to put off the composition, sent Don Diego to John *. Don Diego was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and present wife; and therefore supposed to have some influence over her: he had been ill used himself by John's lawyers, but, because of some animosity to Sir Roger †, was against the composition ‡: the conference between him and Mrs. Bull was word for word as follows.

Don Diego. Is it possible, cousin Bull, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honest best meaning persons in the world, Esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, that have sacrificed their interests to yours? It is base to take advantage of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last.

Mrs. Bull. I am sure they have left my family in a bad condition; we have hardly money to go to the market; and nobody will take our words for a six pence. A very fine spark this Esquire South! My husband took him in, a dirty, innoty-

* Amongst other obstacles to the treaty, was the opposition of the Earl of Nottingham, a torry nobleman, who had great influence in the house of commons.

† The cause of his animosity, from which this conduct is supposed to proceed, was Mrs. Harley's being chosen to succeed him as principal secretary of state, when he was removed from that office in the year 1704.

‡ He expostulated against the peace with great warmth in the house, when the Queen was present in cog.

nos'd boy ; it was the business of half the servants to attend him ; the rogue * did bawl and make such a noise : sometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches, often pissed a-bed, and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragged thro' the kennel at a boarding-school. He lost his money at chuck farthing, shuffle-cap, and all fours ; sold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppet-shows ! I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastry cook's and confectioner's for Naples biscuit, tarts, custards, and sweet-meats. All this while my husband considered him as a gentleman of a good family, that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has settled him in a good creditable way of living, having procured him by his interest, one of the best places of the country : and what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us ? He will hardly give me or my husband a good word, or a civil expression : instead of Sir and Madam † (which, though I say it, is our due) he calls us *goody* and *gaffer* such a one : says, he did us a great deal of honour to board with us ; huffs and dings at such a rate, because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the title and estate of Lord Strutt ; and then, forsooth, we shall have the honour to be his woolen-drapers. Besides, Esquire South will be Esquire South still ; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so, when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man say what he will do when he is got above the world ?

D. Diego. And would you lose the honour of

* Something relating to the manners of a great Prince, superstition, love of operas, shows, &c.

† Something relating to forms and titles.

so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous composition, and trust that old rogue, Lewis Baboon?

Mrs. Bull. Look you, friend Diego, if we law it on till Lewis turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell-hall. I wish every man had his own; but I still say, that Lord Strutt's money shines as bright, and chinks as well as Esquire South's. I do not know any other hold, that we tradesmen have of these great folks, but their interest; buy dear and sell cheap, and I will warrant ye you will keep your customer. The worst is, that Lord Strutt's servants have got such a haunt about that old rogue's shop, that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. But poor Frog what has he done! On my conscience, if there be an honest, sincere man in the world, it is that Frog.

Mrs. Bull. I think, I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family from his childhood*; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is, without our help. Ever since the commencement of this law-suit, it has been the business of Hocus, in sharing our expences, to plead for Frog. "Poor Frog, says he, is in hard circumstances, he has a numerous family, and lives from hand to mouth; his children do not eat a bit of good victuals from one year's end to the other, but live upon salt herring, four curd, and borecole; he does his utmost, poor fellow, to keep things even in the world, and has exerted himself beyond his ability in this law-suit; but he really has not where-withal to go on. What signifies this hundred

* On the other side complaint was made of the unequal burden of the war.

"pounds? place it upon your side of the account; "it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a trifle to "you." This has been Hocus's constant language, and I am sure he has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

D. Diego. No doubt Hocus meant all this for the best, but he is a tender hearted, charitable man; Frog is indeed in hard circumstances.

Mrs. Bull. Hard circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree *. All the time of the law suit, as fast as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchased: from a plain tradesman with a shop, warehouse, and a country hut, with a dirty fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every term, Frog should be purchasing some new farm or manor? So that if this lawsuit lasts, he will be far the richest man in his country. What is worse than all this, he steals away my customers every day; twelve of the richest and the best have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again: judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego. Frog is indeed pretty close in his dealings but very honest: you are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some mistake in this.

Mrs. Bull. A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus, and those rogues kept my husband John Bull drunk for five years together with punch and strong waters: I am sure he never went one night sober to

* and of the acquisitions of the Dutch in Flanders; during these debates the house took in consideration.

bed, till they got him to sign the strangest deed, that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I will tell you another time; at present I will read only the writing.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT
Betwixt JOHN BULL, *Clothier*, and NICHOLAS
FROG, *Linen-draper* *.

I. THAT for maintaining the ancient good correspondence and friendship between the said parties, I Nicholas Frog do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in John Bull's family; that neither his wife, children, nor servants give him any trouble, disturbance, or molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their respective stations: and whereas the said John Bull, from the assured confidence that he has in my friendship has appointed me executor of his last will and testament, and guardian to his children, I do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its parts, by John Bull, or any body else: for that purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at any hour of the day or night; to break open bars, bolts, and doors, chests of drawers, and strong boxes, in order to secure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to see his will duly executed.

II. In consideration of which kind neighbourly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleased

* a treaty which had been concluded by the Lord Townshend at the Hague between the Queen and the States, in 1709, for securing the protestant succession, and for settling a barrier for Holland against France. And it was resolved, that several articles of this treaty were destructive to the trade and interest of Great Britain, that Lord Townshend had no authority to agree to them, and that he and all those who advised ratifying the treaty, were enemies to their country.

to accept of the aforesaid trust, I John Bull, having duly considered, that my friend, Nicholas Frog, at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwholesome air, infested with fogs and damps, destructive of the health of himself, wife, and children; do bind and oblige me, my heirs and assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog, with the best and readiest of my cash, bonds, mortgages, goods, and chattles, a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, consisting of as large extent as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog is at present hemmed in too close by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, master of the science of defence, I the said John Bull do oblige myself, with the readiest of my cash, to purchase and inclose the said grounds, for as many fields and acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit; to the extent that the said Nicholas may have free egress and regress, without lett or molestation, suitable to the demands of himself and family.

III. Furthermore, the said John Bull obliges himself to make the country neighbours of Nicholas Frog, allot a certain part of yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to the intent that his good friend Nicholas Frog may be eased of all charges.

IV. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceased Lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the possession of the said John Bull; I the said John Bull do freely by these presents, renounce, quit, and make over to the said Nicholas, the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, in as full a manner as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The said John Bull obliges himself, his heirs and assigns, not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloth to any gentleman within the neighbourhood

of the said Nicholas, except in such quantities, and at such rates, as the said Nicholas shall think fit.

Signed and sealed,

JOHN BULL,

NIC. FROG.

The reading of this paper put Mrs. Bull in such a passion, that she fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego. Why in such a passion, cousin? considering your circumstances at that time, I do not think this such an unreasonable contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain; he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

Mrs. Bull. You know the contrary *. Read that letter.

[*Reads the superscription.*] For Lewis Baboon, master of the noble science of defence.

S I R,

I UNDERSTAND, that you are, at this time, treating with my friend John Bull, about restoring the Lord Strutt's custom, and besides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and, to my certain knowledge, understands no more of his own affairs than a child in swaddling cloaths. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatistical silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands: but you and she both will find yourselves mistaken; I will find those that shall manage her; and for

* In the mean time the Dutch were secretly negotiating with France,

him, he dares as well be hanged as make one step in his affairs without my consent. If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all things easy, and stop the deeds of ejectment against Lord Strutt: if you will not, take what follows: I shall have a good action against you for pretending to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from

Your loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

I am told, cousin Diego, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an end of our law-suit: I will teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. For God's sake, Madam, why so cholerick? I say this letter is some forgery; it never entered into the head of that honest man, Nic. Frog, to do any such thing.

Mrs. Bull. I cannot abide you: you have been railing these twenty years at Esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them rogues and pickpockets, and now they are turned the honestest fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego. Pray tell me how came you to employ this Sir Roger in your affairs, and not think of your old friend Diego.

Mrs. Bull. So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed Sir Roger in several weighty affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in such circumstances, that we must be served upon cheaper terms than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this Sir Roger.

CHAP.



C H A P. XVI.

*How the guardians of the deceased Mrs. Bull's three daughters came to John, and what advice they gave him; wherein are briefly treated, the characters of the three daughters; also John Bull's answer to the three guardians *.*

I TOLD you in a former chapter, that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this life, had blessed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the neighbourhood, that it is doing them no injury to make a short description of them.

The eldest † was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed: she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and the dogs; she would rob her father's strong box, for money to give the young fellows that she was fond of: she had a noble air, and something great in her mein, but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dressed her, into consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest nose-gay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted: she used to come home in her cups, and break the china and the looking-glasses: and was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the north wind, as with her Ladyship: so expen-

* The debates in parliament were however still continued.

† Polemia, war,

five, that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. Hocus loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. Bull.

The second daughter *, born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunch-backed: but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night: she never rested quietly a-bed; but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel: she would cry out murder, and disturb the whole neighbourhood; and when John came running down stairs to enquire what the matter was; nothing, forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown: she turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her sallad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel; but such, as by flattery had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal but such as knew her: of a whale that had

* Discordia, faction.

swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the tower to destroy the Protestant religion; of the Pope's being seen in a brandy-shop at Wapping; and of a prodigious strong man, that was going to shrove down the cupola of St. Paul's; of three millions of five pound pieces, that Esquire South had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the family made high court to her, for she domineered there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir Roger, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him, as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

As for the third *, she was a thief, and a common mercenary prostitute, and that without any sollicitation from nature, for she owned she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons, a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world to go to an ugly pocky fellow for sixpence more. In the practice of her profession she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things; she had above five hundred suits of fine cloaths, and yet went abroad like a cynder-wench: she robbed and starved all the servants, so that no body could live near her.

So much for John's three daughter, which you will say were rarities to be fond of: yet nature will shew itself; no body could blame their relations for taking care of them; and therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three girls, and give John their best advice before he compounded the law-suit.

* Usuria, usury.

Hocus. What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There is no body loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs: as I hope to be saved I would do any thing to serve you; I would crawl upon all fours to serve you; I have spent my health and paternal estate in your service. I have, indeed, a small pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a conscience as any man; but the thoughts of this disgraceful composition so touchess me to the quick, that I cannot sleep: after I had brought the cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis, and Lord Strutt, and put you in the quiet possession of every thing; then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cause was my favourite, I had set my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry: for God's sake consider only to what dismal condition old Lewis is brought. He is at an end of all his cash; his attorneys have hardly one trick left: they are at an end of all their chicane; besides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out only one term longer, and I will warrant you, before the next we shall have him in the fleet. I will bring him to the pillory; his ears shall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God do not compound: let me be damned if you have a friend in the world, that loves you better than I: there is no body can say I am covetous, or that I have any interest to pursue, but yours.

2d Guardian. There is nothing so plain, as that this Lewis has a design to ruin all his neighbouring tradesmen; and at this time he has such a prodigious income, by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing: no body will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery ware but himself. I then hold it adviseable, that you continue the

the law-suit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice; for their estates, poor girls? depend upon the success of this cause.

3d Guardian. I own this writ of ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it is a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. Bull's declared enemies can say, he has any other security for his cloathing trade, but the ejectment of Lord Strutt. The only question then that remains to be decided, is, who shall stand the expences of the suit? To which the answer is as plain; who but he that is to have the advantage of the sentence? When Esquire South has got possession of his title and honour, is not John Bull to be his clothier? Who then, but John, ought to put him in possession? Ask but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at law? and he will readily answer, his tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate, and, with the same generous spirit you have begun it, complete the good work. If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent persons; but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me; I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, Hocus, I cannot but say you have managed my law-suit with great address, and much to my honour; and though I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the burden be taken off Frog's back, and laid upon my shoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my estate: his note will go farther than my bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richest tradesman

man in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from scriveners and usurers, that suck the heart, blood, and guts out of me? and what is all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have not I presented you nobly? Have not I clad your whole family? Have you not had an hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, *One term more and old Lewis goes to pot*. If thou art so fond of my cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah Hocus! Hocus! I know thee; not a sou to save me from goal, I trow. Look ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart, never to stir out of my doors, but to be pulled by the sleeve by some rascally dun or other? "Sir, remember my bill: there is a small concern of a thousand pounds, I hope you think on it, Sir." And to have these usurers transact my debts at coffeehouses and alehouses, as if I were going to break up shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound; and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of bankrupt. The thoughts of it make me mad. I have read somewhere in the Apocrypha, that one should not "consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of selling; nor with an unmerciful man of kindness," &c. I could have added one thing more, "nor with an attorney about compounding a law-suit. The ejectment of Lord Strutt will never do. The

evidence is scrimp; the witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict themselves; and his tenants stick by him. One tells me, that I must carry on my suit, because Lewis is poor; another, because he is still too rich: whom shall I believe? I am sure of one thing, that a penny in the purse is the best friend John can have at last; and who can say that this will be the last suit I shall be engaged in? Besides if this ejectionment were practicable, is it reasonable, that when Esquire South is losing his money to sharpers and pick pockets, going about the country with fidlers and buffoons, and squandering his income with hawks and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest industry in a law-suit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And when the cause is over, I shall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man. but John Bull knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our family; we are apt to play the boon companion, and throw away our money in our cups: but it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness, to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzzas, and hunting-horns, and ringing the changes on butchers cleavers, never let me cool, and make me set my hand to papers, when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small remainder of a very great estate.



C H A P. XVII.

Esquire South's message and letter to Mrs. Bull.

THE arguments used by Hocus and the rest of the guardians had hitherto proved insufficient *: John and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expence of Esquire South's law-suit. They thought it reasonable, that since he was to have the honour and advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the charges; and retrench what he lost to sharpers, and spent upon country-dances and puppet-plays, to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the Esquire; therefore, as the last experiment, he resolved to send Sig. Benenato *, Master of his fox-hounds, to Mrs. Bull, to try what good he could do with her. This Sig. Benenato had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband, and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised, could not seduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond-crosses, and rich bracelets that were offered, she rejected with the utmost scorn and disdain. The music and serenades that were given her, sounded more ungratefully in her ears than the noise of a screech-owl; however, she received Esquire South's letter by the hands of Sig. Benenato, with that respect which became his quality. The copy of the

* But as all attempts of the party to preclude the treaty were ineffectual, and complaints were made of the deficiencies of the house of Austria, the Archduke sent a message and letter,

† By Prince Eugene, urging the continuance of the war, and offering to bear a proportion of the expence,

letter

letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual stile.

MADAM,

THE writ of ejectment against Philip Baboon, (pretended Lord Strutt,) is just ready to pass: there want but a few necessary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet possession of my honour and estate: I question not, but that according to your wonted generosity and goodness you will give it the finishing stroke; an honour that I would grudge any body but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my stewards to pay out of the readiest and best of my rents, five pounds ten shillings a-year, till my suit is finished. I wish you health and happiness, being with due respect,

M A D A M,

your assured friend,

SOUTH.

What answer Mrs. Bull returned to this letter, you shall know in the second part, only they were at a pretty good distance in their proposals; for as Esquire South only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper, Mrs. Bull refused any more than to lend her barge * to carry his council to Westminster-hall.

* This proportion was however thought to be so inconsiderable, that the letter produced no other effect, than the convoy of the forces by the English fleet to Barcelona.



LAW is a Bottomless PIT :
OR
The HISTORY of JOHN BULL

PART II.

The PUBLISHER's PREFACE.

THE world is much indebted to the famous Sir Humphry Poleworth for his ingenious and impartial account of John Bull's law-suit : yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he relates it only by parcels, and will not give us the whole work : This forces me, who am only the publisher, to bespeak the assistance of his friends and acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy humour, and gratify the curiosity of the public at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private memoirs wrote for his own use, in a loose stile, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation *, I represented to him the good reception the first part had met with ; that though calculated only for the meridian of Grub street, it was yet taken notice of by the better sort ; that the world was now sufficiently acquainted with John Bull, and interested itself in his concerns. He answered, with a smile, that he had indeed some trifling things to impart, that concern-

* This excuse of Sir Humphrey can only relate to the second part or sequel of the history. See the preface to the first part.

ed John Bull's relations and domestic affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the history of the law suit more intelligible. When I had looked over the manuscript, I found likewise some farther account of the composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former part.



CHAP. I.

*The character of John Bull's mother *.*

JOHN had a mother, whom he loved and honoured extremely, a discreet, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly, old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours; extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction, upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastic old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen: As she neither wore a ruff fore-head cloth, nor high crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons, in her head-dress, furbelows, scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to puch,

† The church of England.

and paint yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced, ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel: Though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses and essence bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanack, to mark the hours and the holy-days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan-work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscoat and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in every thing: they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such an affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'ying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies, that affect a mighty regard for their relations; "We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years: let us have a ball to night, it is my neighbour such a one's birth-day;" she looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birth-day, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love to her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed

vailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors *, to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at fixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: your rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear her's; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved: She was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the new fangled doctrine of the indispenfible duty of cuckoldom: Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, this is infallible; "I cannot be mistaken; "none but a rogue can deny it." It has been observed, that such people are oftener in the wrong than any body.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, among which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good council, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

* In the rebellion of 1647.



C H A P. II.

*The character of John Bull's sister Peg *, with the quarrels that happened between master and miss in their childhood.*

JOHN had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; any body would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miss a crab apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret. exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy, constitution: she had life and spirit in abundance and knew when she was ill used: Now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fifty cuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point, but even when Master had got her down she would scratch and bite like a tyger; when he

* The nation and church of S——d,

gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed post ; for which affront, Miss aimed a penknife at his heart †. In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions ; they gave one another nick-names ; she called him gundy guts, and he called her lousy Peg ; though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours, and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. “ What think you of “ my sister Peg, says he, that faints at the sound “ of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the “ noise of a bag pipe ? ” “ What’s that to you, “ gundy-guts, quoth Peg, every body’s to chuse “ their own music.” Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers, that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack had of late been her inclinations* : Lord Peter she detested : nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces, but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired, what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

† Henry VIII. to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland ; this offer was rejected and followed by a war : to this event probably the author alludes

* Love of presbytery.



C H A P. III.

Jack's charms †, or the method by which he gained Peg's heart.

IN the first place, Jack was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three brothers, and people, indeed, wondered how such a young upstart, jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men; he was well-gifted, as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous tongue, and persuaded Peg, that all mankind, besides himself, were poxed by that scarlet faced whore Signiora Bubonia *. "As for his brother, Lord Peter, the tokens were evident on him, blotches, scabs, and the corona: his brother Martin, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal pains, which his friends pretended were only scorbutical; but he was sure it proceeded from a worse cause." By such malicious insinuations, he had possessed the lady, that he was the only man in the world of a sound, pure, and untainted constitution: tho' there were some that stuck not to say, that Signiora Bubonia and Jack railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and that Jack had been found with Signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you

† Character of the Presbyterians.

* The whore of Babylon, or the Pope.

the outside of his eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himself out for a man of a great estate in the fortunate islands; of which the sole property was vested in his person: by this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of small sums, pretending to make over plantations on the said islands; but when the poor wretches came there with Jack's grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told you that Peg was whimsical, and loved any thing that was particular: in that way, Jack was her man, for he neither thought, spoke, dressed, nor acted like other mortals: he was for your bold strokes, he railed at fops, though he was himself the most affected in the world; instead of the common fashion, he would visit his mistress in a mourning cloak, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backwards, which, he said, shewed more humility, and less affectation: where other people stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; and when he went to court, he used to kick away the state, and sit down by his prince cheek by jole; Confound these states, says he, they are a modern invention: when he spoke to his prince, he always turned his back upon him: if he was advised to fast for his health, he would eat roast beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be sure that day to live upon water gruel; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jests at a funeral.

He was no less singular in his opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk of politics*: "All government, says he, is founded upon the right distribution of punishments; decent executions keep the world in awe; for that reason the majority of mankind ought to be hang-

* Absolute predestination.

“ ed every year. For example; I suppose, the magistrates ought to pass an irreverfible fentence upon all blue eyed children from the cradle † : but that there may be fome fhew of juftice in this proceeding, thefe children ought to be trained up by mafters, appointed for that purpofe, to all forts of villainy ; that they may deferve their fate, and the execution of them may ferve as an object of terror to the reft of mankind.” As to the giving of pardons, he had this fingle method ‡, that when thefe wretches had the rope about their necks, it fhould be enquired, who believed they fhould be hanged, and who not ? The firft were to be pardoned, the laft hanged out-right. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterwards for any crime whatfoever †. He had fuch skill in phyfiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man’s face, that fellow, fays he, do what he will, cannot avoid hanging ; he has a hanging look. By the fame art he would prognofiticate a principality to a fcoundrel.

He was no lefs particular in the choice of his ftudies ; they were generally bent towards exploded chimeras, the *petuum mobile* **, the circular fhut, philofopher’s ftone, filent gun-powder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and inftruments to unravel cobwebs and fplit hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a diftinct account of the methods he praftifed upon Peg. Her brother would now and then afk her, “ What a devil doft thou fee in that pragmatifal coxcomb to make thee fo in love with him ? he is a fit match for a tailor or a fhoeemaker’s daughter, but not for you that are a gentlewoman.” “ Fancy is free” quoth Peg : I will take my own way, do you

† Reprobation.

‡ Saving faith ; a belief that one fhall certainly be faved.

† Election.

** The learning of the Prefbyterians.

“ take yours. I do not care for you flaunting beaus, that gang with their Breasts open, and their sarks over their waistcoats; that accost me with set speeches out of Sidney’s Arcadia, or the Academy of compliments. Jack is a sober, grave, young man; though he has none of your studied harangues, his meaning is sincere: he has a great regard to his father’s will; and he that has shewn himself a good son, will make a good husband; besides, I know he has the original deed of conveyance to the fortunate islands; the others are counterfeits.” There is nothing so obstinate as a young lady in her amours; the more you cross her, the worse she is.



C H A P. IV.

How the relations reconciled John and his sister Peg, and what return Peg made to John’s message.*

JOHN BULL, otherwise a good-natured man, was very hard hearted to his sister Peg, chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and peddling about the streets, selling knives, scissars, and shoe buckles; now and then carried a basket of fish to the market; sewed, spun, and knit for a livelihood, till her fingers-ends were sore; and when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journey-work to her neighbours. Yet in these her poor circumstances she still preserved the air and mein of a gentlewoman, a certain decent pride, that extorted respect

* The treaty of Union between England and Scotland.

from the haughtiest of her neighbours; when she came into any full assembly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one asked her, are not you related to John Bull? "Yes, (says she) he has the honour to be my brother." So Peg's affairs went, till all the relations cried out shame upon John for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt but with advantage to himself, seeing she was an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business. "Hang her, jade, quoth John; I cannot endure her, as long as she keeps that rascal Jack's company." They told him the way to reclaim her was to take her into his house; that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out. These arguments were enforced by a certain incident, It happened that John was at that time about making his will*, and entailing his estate, the very same in which Nic. Frog is named executor. Now, his sister Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough settlement without her consent. There was, indeed, a malicious story went about as if John's wife had fallen in love with Jack, as he was eating custard on horseback†; that she persuaded John to take his sister into the house, the better to drive on the intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his mistress Peg. All I can infer from this story, is, that when one has got a bad character in the world, people will report and believe any thing of one, true or false. But to return to my story; when Peg received John's message, she

* The succession to the crown having been settled by act of parliament in England, upon the house of Hanover, and no such act having passed in Scotland, then a separate kingdom, it was thought a proper time to complete the union which had been often attempted, and which was recommended to the Scots by K. William III.

† A Presbyterian Lord Mayor of London.

huffed and stormed like the devil *: " My brother
" John, quoth she, is grown wonderous kind-heart-
" ed all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt, whether
" it be not mair for his own conveniency than for
" my good; he draws up his writs and his deeds,
" forsooth, and I must set my hand to them, un-
" sight unseem. I like the young man he has settled
" upon well enough, but I think I ought to have
" a valuable consideration for my consent. He
" wants my poor little farm, because it makes a
" nook in his park wall: ye may e'en tell him, he
" has mair than he makes good use of; he gangs
" up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrel-
" ling, through all the country markets, making
" foolish bargains in his cups, which he repents
" when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch, spen-
" ding the goods and gear that his forefathers won
" with the sweat of their brows; light come, light
" go, he cares not a farthing. But why should I
" stand surety for his contracts? the little I have
" is free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame,
" let it be never so hamely, I ken him well enough:
" he could never abide me, and when he has his
" ends, he'll e'en use me as he did before. I am sure I
" shall be treated like a poor drudge; I shall be set
" to tend the bairns, dearn the hose, and mend the
" linen. Then there's no living with that old carlin
" his mother; she rails at Jack, and Jack's an honest
" er man than any of her kin: I shall be plagued with
" her spells and her *Pater nosters*, and silly old-
" world ceremonies; I mun never pair my nails on a
" Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas-day;
" and I mun stand beeking and binging, as I gang
" out and into the hall. Tell him he may e'en gang
" his get; I'll have nothing to do with him; I'll
" stay, like the poor country mouse, in my awn
" habitation." So Peg talked; but for all that, by

* The Scots expressed their fears for the Presbyterian government, and of being burdened with the English national debts.

the interposition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was sent, and many more that were promised Peg, the matter was concluded, and Peg taken into the house upon certain articles: one of which was, that she might have the freedom of Jack's conversation†, and might take him for better and worse, if she pleased; provided always, he did not come into the house at unseasonable hours, and disturb the rest, or the old woman, John's mother.



CH A P. V.

Of some quarrels, that happened after Peg was taken into the family.*

IT is an old observation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old fables, called Æsop, in the story of the bird, that was grieved extremely at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing; as also of the oak, that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than John Bull, considering how often his good-nature had been abused; yet I do not know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carried tales between him and his sister Peg, on purpose to sow jealousies, and set them together by the ears. They say that there were some

† The act of toleration.

* Quarrels about some of the articles of union, particularly the peerage.

hardships put upon Peg, which had been better let alone; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and moderate the resentments on the other: a good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do.

The purchase money of Peg's farm was ill paid †; then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine cellar; but for that Peg found a trick, for she made a false key ‡. Peg's servants complained that they were debarred from all manner of business, and never suffered to touch the least thing within the house*; if they offered to come into the warehouse, then strait went the yard slap over their noddle; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an ink bottle at their head; if they came into the best apartment, to set any thing there in order, they were saluted with a broom; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle: one that would have got into the stables, was met by two rascals, who fell to work with him with a brush and a curry comb; some climbing up into the coach-box, were told, that one of their companions had been there before, that could not drive; then slap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand it was complained, that Peg's servants were always asking for drink-money †; that they had more than their share of the Christmas box: to say the truth, Peg's lads bustled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fists, and

† By the 15th article of the treaty of union, it was agreed that Scotland should have an equivalent for several customs and excises to which she would become liable, and this equivalent was not paid.

‡ Run wine.

* By the test-act dissenters are excluded from places and employments.

† Endeavoured to get their share of places.

pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, shillings, and six-pences. Others in the scramble picked up guineas and broad-pieces. But there happened a worse thing than all this; it was complained that Peg's servants had great stomachs, and brought so many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that John's family was like to be eat out of house and home. Instead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thrust away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; spoons, plates, and dishes flew about the room like mad: and Sir Roger, who was now *major domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg said, this was contrary to agreement, whereby she was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then she called upon those that had made her such fair promises, and undertook for her brother John's good behaviour; but, alas! to her cost she found, that they were the first and readiest to do her the injury. John at last agreed to this regulation; that Peg's footman * might sit with his book-keeper, journey-men, and apprentices; and Peg's better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleased.

Then they began to order plumb-porridge and minced-pyes for Peg's dinner: Peg told them she had an aversion to that sort of food; that upon forcing † down a mess of it some years ago, it threw her into a fit, till she brought it up again. Some alleged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper, and breakfast next morning; others would have made use of a horn; but the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

* Articles of union, whereby they could make a Scots Commoner, but not a Lord, a Peer.

† Introducing Episcopacy into Scotland, by Charles I.



C H A P. VI.

The conversation between John Bull and his wife.

Mrs. Bull. **T**Hough our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them, since you seemed to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family must have their run.

Mrs. Bull. But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of our family before: they have had law suits; but though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the stock. Sure you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Præthee give me some account of these matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon: he is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle, making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his Champagne, and so one after another, till my friend Nic. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge.

“ My

“ My worthy friends, quoth Lewis, henceforth let
 “ us live neighbourly ; I am as peaceable and
 “ quiet as a lamb, of my own temper, but it has
 “ been my misfortune to live among quarrellsome
 “ neighbours. There is but one thing can make
 “ us fall out, and that is the inheritance of Lord
 “ Strutt’s estate ; I am content, for peace sake,
 “ to wave my right, and submit to any expedient
 “ to prevent a law suit ; I think an equal division *
 “ will be the fairest way.” Well moved, old Lew-
 is, quoth Frog ! and I hope my friend John here
 will not be refractory. At the same time he clap-
 ped me on the back, and flabbered me all over
 from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. Do
 as you please, gentlemen, quoth I ; it is all one to
 John Bull. We agreed to part that night, and
 next morning to meet at the corner of Lord Strutt’s
 park-wall with our surveying instruments, which
 accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain
 and a semi-circle ; Nic. paper, rulers, and a lead
 pencil ; and I followed at some distance with a long
 pole. We began first with surveying the meadow
 ground ; afterwards, we measured the corn fields,
 close by close ; then we proceeded to the wood-
 lands, the copper and tin-mines †. All this while
 Nic. laid down every thing exactly upon paper,
 calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety.
 When we had finished the land, we were going to
 break into the house and gardens to take an inven-
 tory of his plate, pictures and other furniture.

Mrs. Bull. What said Lord Strutt to all this ?

J. Bull. As we had almost finished our concern,
 we were accosted by some of Lord Strutt’s ser-
 vants : “ Hey day ! What’s here ? what a devil’s
 “ the meaning of all these trankrams and gim-
 “ cracks, gentlemen ? what in the name of wonder

* A treaty for preserving the balance of power in Europe by a
 partition of the Spanish dominions.

† The West Indies.

“ are

“ are you going about, jumping over my master’s
“ hedges, and running your lines cross his grounds?
“ If you are at any field pastime, you might have
“ asked leave, my master is a civil well-bred per-
“ son as any is.”

Mrs. Bull. What could you answer to this?

J. Bull. Why truly, my neighbour Frog and I
were still hot-headed; we told him his master was
an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his
own business; that we were surveying his estate,
and settling it for him, since he would not do it
himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but
we being stronger than they, sent them away with
a flea in their ear. They went home and told their
master *, “ My Lord, said they, there are three
“ odd sort of fellows going about your grounds
“ with the strangest machines that ever we beheld
“ in our life: I suppose they are going to rob your
“ orchard, fell your trees, or drive away your cat-
“ tle: they told us strange things of settling your
“ estate: one is a lusty old fellow, in a black
“ wig, with a black beard, without teeth; there’s
“ another thick squat fellow, in trunk hose; the
“ third is a little, long-nosed thin man.” (I was
then lean, being just come out of a fit of sickness.)
“ I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they
“ carry something away.”

Mrs. Bull. I fancy this put the old fellow in a
rare tweague.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he called for his long
Toledo, swore and bounced about the room.
“ ’Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted so
“ by my tradesmen? I know the rascals: my bar-
“ ber, clothier, and linen draper dispose of my
“ estate! bring hither my blunderbuss. I’ll war-
“ rant ye, you shall see day-light through them.

* This partition of the King of Spain’s dominions was made
without his consent or even his knowledge.

“ Scoundrels!

“ Scoundrels ! dogs ! the scum of the earth !
“ Frog, that was my father’s kitchen-boy, he pre-
“ tend to meddle with my estate ! with my will !
“ Ah poor Strutt, what art thou come to at last ?
“ Thou hast lived too long in the world, to see
“ thy age and infirmity so despised : how will the
“ ghosts of my noble ancestors receive these ti-
“ dings ? They cannot, they must not sleep quiet-
“ ly in their graves.” In short, the old gentleman
was carried off in a fainting fit, and after bleed-
ing in both arms hardly recovered.

Mrs. Bull. Really this was a very extraordinary
way of proceeding : I long to hear the rest of it.

J. Bull. After we had come back to the tavern,
and taken the other bottle of Champagne, we quar-
relled a little about the division of the estate. Lew-
is hauled and pulled the map on one side, and
Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have
torn the parchment in pieces. At last Lewis pul-
led out a pair of great tailors sheers, and clept a
corner for himself, which he said was a manor
that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me
the rest to dispose of as we pleased. We were o-
verjoyed to think Lewis was contented with so lit-
tle, not smelling what was at the bottom of the
plot. There happened indeed an incident that gave
us some disturbance : a cunning fellow, one of
my servants, two days after peeping through the
key-hole, observed, that old Lewis had stole away
our part of the map, and saw him fiddling and
turning the map from one corner to the other,
trying to join the two pieces together again : he
was muttering something to himself, which we did
not well hear, only these words, *It is great pity !
it is great pity !* My servant added, that he be-
lieved this had some ill meaning. I told him he
was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than
his companions : Lewis and I are good friends, he
is an honest fellow, and I dare say will stand to his
bargain.

bargain. The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis* revealed our whole secret to the deceased Lord Strutt, who, in reward of his treachery, and revenge to Frog and me, settled his whole estate upon the present Philip Baboon. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map.

Mrs. Bull. And was you surprized at this? Had not Lord Strutt reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

J. Bull. Why truly, wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the fashion to do such things. I have read of your golden age, your silver age, &c. one might justly call this the age of lawyers. There was hardly a man of substance in all the country, but had a counterfeit †, that pretended to his estate. As the philosophers say, that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the lawyers, there were at least two of every thing; nay, on my conscience, I think there were three Esquire Hackums ‡ at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole estates in the country: "This lies convenient for me, Tom: thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it." So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; every body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every house you might observe two Sofia's quarrelling who was master. For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment,

* It is suspected, that the French king intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the secret to the court of Spain, upon which the whole was made in favour of his grandson.

† Several pretenders at that time.

‡ Kings of Poland.

and that I should find somebody behind my counter selling my broad-cloth.

Mrs. Bull. There are a sort of fellows, they call *banterers* and *bamboozlers*, that play such tricks; but, it seems, these fellows were in earnest.

J. Bull. I begin to think, that justice is a better rule than conveniency, for all some people make so flight on it.



CH A P. VII.

*Of the hard shifts Mrs. Bull was put to, to preserve the manor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir Roger's method to keep off importunate duns *.*

AS John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were surpris'd with a sudden knocking at the door: "Those wicked scriveners and lawyers, no doubt," quoth John; and so it was: some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. "What a curst life do I lead?" quoth John. "Debt is like deadly sin: for God's sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of the fellows." "I'll warrant you," (quoth Sir Roger;) leave them to me." And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for John Bull made him submit to many things for his service, which he would have

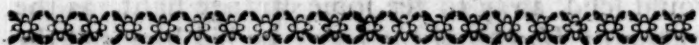
* After the dissolution of the parliament, the sinking ministry endeavoured to support themselves, by propagating a notion, that the public credit would suffer if the Lord Treasurer Godolphin was removed; the dread of this event produced it: the monied men began to sell their shares in the bank; the governor, deputy governor, and two directors applied to the Queen to prevent the change; the alarm became general, and all the public funds gradually sunk. Perhaps by Bullock's Hatch the author meant the crown-lands.

scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes * he would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the duns, till John got out at the back-door. When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, Sir Roger used to bargain before hand for leave to cut off the quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased; he wore a pair of scissars in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his kalendar: when ready money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand pounds in sixpences, groats, and threepenny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attornies, clerks, and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mightily inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in this country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would send away to see some strange sight, as the dragon of *Hockley in the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next February. Now and then you would see him in the kitchen †, weighing the beef and butter; paying ready money, that the maids might not run a tick at the market, and the butchers, by bribing of them, sell damaged and light meat. Another time he would slip into the cellar, and gauge the casks. In his leisure-minutes he was posting his books, and gathering in his debts. Such frugal, methods were necessary, where money was so scarce and duns so numerous. All this while John kept his credit, could shew his head both at 'Change and Westminster-hall; no man protested his bill, nor

* Manners of the Earl of Oxford.

† Some regulations as to the purveyance in the Queen's family.

refused his bond ; only the sharpeners and the scrivener, the lawyers and other clerks, pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The squinters were at it with their kennel water, for they were mad for the loss of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's Hatch. Sir Roger shook his ears, and nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself, that he was doing a charitable work in rescuing an honest man from the claws of harpies and blood-suckers. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife, and a good housewife could do ; yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines ; it is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality, without entering the territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things ; therefore some blamed Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing of her shoes *, grudging a quarter of a pound of soap and sand to scower the rooms ; but especially, that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of John Bunyan †, the London Apprentices or the Seven Champions in the black letter.



C H A P. VIII.

A continuation of the conversation betwixt John Bull and his wife.

Mrs. Bull. IT is a most sad life we lead, my dear, to be so teised, paying interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I do not blame you for vindicating your honour, and chastizing old Lewis : To curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and de-

* Too great savings in the house of commons.

† Restraining the liberty of the press by act of parliament.

send what one has, are good effects of the law: the only thing I want to know, is, how you came to make an end of your money, before you finished your suit.

J. Bull. I was told by the learned in the law, that my suit stood upon three firm pillars; *more money for more law, more law for more money, and no composition.* More money for more law, was plain to a demonstration, for who can go to law without money? and it was plain, that any man that has money, may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what composition could be made with a rogue, that never kept a word he said?

Mrs. Bull. I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity; but you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; else, how was it possible to run so much in debt, when, at this very time, the yearly income of what is mortgaged to those usurers, would discharge Hocus's bills, and give you your belly full of law for all your life, without running one fixpence in debt? You have been bred up to business; I suppose you can cypher; I wonder you never used you pen and ink.

J. Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppose a young heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienced, full of spirit and vigour, with a favourite passion, in the hands of money scriveners: such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, 'till they squeeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him. When I wanted money*, half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my anti-chamber with

* Methods of preying upon the necessities of the government.

their securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the ready, some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that like so many hell-hounds were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty, and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the securities, there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs Bull. No clause of redemption, say you? that's hard.

J. Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that; the same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance: the same man was butcher and grasier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is something still worse than all this; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker; even my herb woman dunned me as I went along the streets. (Thanks to my friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to goal.) When I asked the meaning of this, I was told, the money went to the lawyers; counsel won't tick, Sir; Hocus was urging: my book-keeper sat sopping all day, playing at put and all-fours: in short, by gripping usurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent servants, I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. Bull. I his was hard usage! but methinks, the least reflection might have retrieved you.

J. Bull. It is true: yet consider my circumstances; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern; to ale-houses and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs!

“ There

" There goes the prettiest fellow in the world *,
 " says one, for managing a jury ; make him yours.
 " There's another can pick you up witnesses ; fer-
 " jeant such a-one has a silver tongue at the bar."
 I believe, in time, I should have retained every single
 person within the inns of court. The night after a
 trial, I treated the lawyers, their wives and daugh-
 ters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets.
 I was always hot-headed ; then they placed me in
 the middle, the attornies and their clerks dancing
 about me, whooping and hallowing, *Long live John
 Bull, the glory and support of the law!*

Mrs. Bull. Really, husband, you went through
 a very notable course.

J. Bull. One of the things that first alarmed me,
 was, that they shewed a spite † against my poor old
 mother. " Lord, quoth I ; what makes you so
 " jealous of a poor, old, innocent gentlewoman,
 " that minds only her prayers, and her practice of
 " piety : she never meddles in any of your con-
 " cerns ? Foh, say they, to see a handsome, brisk,
 " genteel young fellow, so much governed by a
 " doating old woman ! why don't you go and suck
 " the bubbly ? Do you consider she keeps you out
 " of a good jointure ? She has the best of your es-
 " tate settled upon her for a rent charge : hang
 " her, old thief, turn her out of doors, seize her
 " land, and let her go to law if she dares." " Soft
 " and fair, gentlemen, quoth I ; my mother's my
 " mother ; our family are not of an unnatural tem-
 " per. Though I don't take all her advice, I won't
 " seize her jointure ; long may she enjoy it, good
 " woman ; I don't grudge it her, she allows me
 " now and then a brace of hundreds for my law
 " suit ; that's pretty fair." About this time the old
 gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of distemper ; *

* Hiring still more troops.

† Railing against the church.

* Carelessness in forms and discipline.

it began with a coldness and numb'dness in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves (I think the physicians call them), seized the brain, and at last ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She, that was the cleanliest creature in the world, never shrunk now, if you set a close-stool under her nose. She, that would sometimes rattle off her servants pretty sharply, now, if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons †, she threw away her money upon roaring, swearing bullies and beggars, that went about the streets. "What is the matter with the old gentlewoman, said every body, she never used to do in this manner?" At last the distemper grew more violent ‡, and threw her downright into raving fits; in which she shrieked out so loud, that she disturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits she called upon Sir William: "Oh! Sir William ||, thou hast betrayed me! killed me! stabbed me! sold me to the cuckold of Dover street! See, see, Clum with his bloody knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the fury with her hissing snakes! Where's my son John! is he well! is he well! poor man, I pity him;" and abundance more of such strange stuff, that no body could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter; for when I enquired about her health, the answer was, "that she was in a good moderate way." Physicians were sent for in haste: Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought Ratcliff; Garth came upon the first

† Disposing of some preferments to libertine and unprincipled persons.

‡ The too violent clamour about the danger of the church.

|| Sir William, a cant name of Sir Humphrey's, for Lord Treasurer Godolphin.

message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the consultation. At last they divided into two parties, one sided with Garth, and the other with Ratcliff. Dr. Garth *, "This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your old women to be so; I'll pawn my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her." Others suggested strong purging and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. Ratcliff, "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case; it is plainly an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days, unless she is supported with strong cordials." I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them what they thought of my mother? "In no manner of danger, I avow to Gad, quoth Garth, the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, Sir, I avow to Gad." "I tell you, Sir, says Ratcliff, she cannot live three days to an end, unless there is some very effectual course taken with her; she has a malignant fever," Then fool, puppy, blockhead, were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you, that one party of the physicians desired, I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked, if the Lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a High German livery-man of hers, one Yan Ptschirnsooker †, that gave her a sort of quack

* Garth, the low church party: Ratcliff, high church party.

† Yan Ptschirnsooker, a bishop at that time, a great dealer in politics and physic.

powder. The physician desired to see it: "Nay," says he, there is opium in this, I am sure."

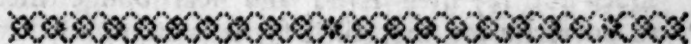
Mrs. Bull. I hope you examined a little into this matter.

J. Bull. I did indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath, that they had heard some of the livery-men * frequently railing at their mistress. "They said, she was a troublesome, that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagued with bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the room, that their backs ached. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, at another for his greasy hair, and not combing his head: that she was so passionate and fiery in her temper, that there was no living with her, she wanted something to sweeten her blood: that they never had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the morning to early sacraments: they wished they could find some way or another to keep the old woman quiet in her bed." Such discourses were often overheard among the livery-men, while the said Yan Ptschirnsooker had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit, "That she had seen the said Yan Ptschirnsooker, one of the livery-men, frequently making up of medicines, and administering them to all the neighbours; that she saw him one morning make up the powder, which her mistress took; that she had the curiosity to ask him, whence he had the ingredients? They come, says he, from several parts of the world; dis I have from Geneva, dat from Rome, this white powder from Amsterdam, and the red from Edinburgh; but the chief ingredient of all comes from Turkey." It was likewise proved, that the said Yan Ptschirnsooker had been frequently

* The clergy.

seen at the rose with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress : that he brought a certain powder to his mistress, which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words : “ Madam, here is grand secret van de
 “ world, my sweetening powder, it does tempe-
 “ rate de humour, despel the windt, and cure de
 “ vapour, it lulleth and quieteth the animal spi-
 “ rits, procuring rest and pleasant dreams : it is de
 “ infallible receipt for de scurvy, all heats in de
 “ bloodt, and breaking out upon de skin : it is de
 “ true blood-stancher, stopping all fluxes of de
 “ bloodt : if you do take dis, you will never ail
 “ any ding : it will cure you of all diseases : and
 abundance more to this purpose, which the exami-
 nant does not remember.

John Bull was interrupted in his story by a por-
 ter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog,
 which is as follows.



C H A P. IX.

*A copy of Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull *.*

[John Bull reads.]

FRIEND JOHN,

“ **W**HAT schellum is this that makes thee
 “ jealous of thy old friend Nicholas?
 “ Hast thou forgot how some years ago he took
 “ thee out of the spunging-house †?” [*It is true,*
my friend Nic. did so, and I thank him ; but he made
me pay a swinging reckoning.] “ Thou beginnest
 “ now to repent thy bargain, that thou wast so
 “ fond of ; and, if thou durst, would forswear
 “ thy own hand and seal. Thou sayst, that thou

* A letter from the S—s G——l.

† Alluding to the revelu ion.

“ hast

"hast purchased me too great an estate already;
 "when, at the same time, thou knowest I have
 "only a mortgage: it is true I have possession,
 "and the tenants own me for master; but has
 "not Esquire South the equity of redemption?"
[No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily; poor Nic. has only possession, eleven points of the law!]
 "As for the turnpikes * I have set up, they are
 "for other people, not for my friend John; I
 "have ordered my servant constantly to attend, to
 "let thy carriages through without paying any
 "thing; only I hope thou wilt not come too
 "heavy laden to spoil my ways. Certainly I have
 "just cause of offence against thee, my friend,
 "for supposing it possible that thou and I should
 "ever quarrel: what hounds foot is it that puts
 "these whims in thy head? Ten thousand last of
 "devils haul me. if I don't love thee as I love my
 "life." *[No question, as the devil loves holy water!]*
 "Does not thy own hand and seal oblige thee
 "to purchase for me, till I say it is enough? Are
 "not these words plain? I say it is not enough.
 "Dost thou think thy friend Nicholas Frog made
 "a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy con-
 "tract, *tota pecunia*, with all thy money." *[Very well! I have purchased with my own money, my childrens, and my grandchildren's money, is not that enough? Well, tota pecunia let it be, for, at present I have none at all: he would not have me purchase with other people's money, sure: since tota pecunia is the bargain, I think it is plain, no more money no more purchase.]* "And whatever the world may
 "say, Nicholas Frog is but a poor man in compa-
 "rison of the rich the opulent John Bull, great
 "clothier of the world. I have had many losses
 "six of my best sheep were drowned, and the
 "water has come into my cellar, and spoiled a

* The Dutch prohibition of trade.

“ pipe of my best brandy : it would be a more
 “ friendly act in thee to carry a brief about the
 “ country to repair the losses of thy poor friend.
 “ Is it not evident to all the world, that I am still
 “ hemmed in by Lewis Baboon ? Is he not just
 “ upon my borders ?” [*And so he will be, if I*
purchase a thousand acres more, unless he get somebody
betwixt them] “ I tell thee, friend John, thou
 “ hast flatterers that persuade thee that thou art a
 “ man of business ; do not believe them : if thou
 “ wouldst still leave thy affairs in my hands, thou
 “ shouldst see how handsomely I would deal by
 “ thee. That ever thou shouldst be dazzled with
 “ the enchanted islands and mountains of gold,
 “ that old Lewis promises thee ! ‘Dswounds !
 “ Why dost thou not lay out thy money to pur-
 “ chase a place at court, of honest Israel ? I tell
 “ thee thou must not so much as think of a com-
 “ position.” *Not think of a composition, that’s hard*
indeed ; I cannot help thinking of it if I would.] “ Thou complaine-
 “ st of want of money ; let thy
 “ wife and daughters burn the gold lace of their
 “ petticoats ; sell thy fat cattle ; retrench but a fir-
 “ loin of beef and a peck-loaf in a week from thy
 “ gormandizing guts.” [*Retrench my beef, a dog !*
retrench my beef ! then it is plain the rascal has an ill
design upon me, he would starve me.] “ Mortgage
 “ thy manor of Bullock’s hatch, or pawn thy
 “ crop for ten years.” [*A rogue ! part with my*
country seat, my patrimony, all that I have left in
the world : I’ll see him hanged first.] “ Why hast
 “ thou changed thy attorney ? Can any man ma-
 “ nage thy cause better for thee ? [*Very pleasant !*
because a man has a good attorney, he must never
make an end of his law suit.] “ Ah John ! John !
 “ I wish thou knewest thy own mind ; thou art
 “ as fickle as the wind. I tell thee, thou hadst
 “ better let this composition alone, or leave it to
 “ thy

Loving friend,

NIC. FROG
CHAP.



C H A P. X.

*Of some extraordinary things *, that passed at the Salutation tavern, in the conference between Bull, Frog, Esquire South, and Lewis Baboon.*

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the Salutation to talk of this agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse; one time he pretended to be seized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had struck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his coach horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuse, but hurried him away: "Come Nic. *says he*, let's go, and hear at least what this fellow has to propose! I hope there's no hurt in that." "Be it so, *quoth Nic.* but if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my wife and children will curse you as long as they live." When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought every body as plain and sincere as he was, "Well neighbours *quoth he*, let's now make an end of all matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come: if every body is as well inclined as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our affair." And so pointing to Frog to say something, to the great surprize of all the company, Frog was seized with a dead palsy in the tongue. John began to ask

* The treaty of Utrecht: the difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the Dutch would not speak their sentiments, nor the French deliver in their proposals. The house of Austria talked very high.

him some plain questions, and whooped and hollowed in his ear. "Let's come to the point. Nic! "who wouldst thou have to be Lord Strutt! "Wouldst thou have Philip Baboon?" Nic. shook his head, and said nothing. "Wilt thou then have Esquire South to be Lord Strutt?" Nic. shook his head a second time. "Then who the devil wilt thou have? say something or another." Nic. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue, and cried, "A, a, a, a!" which was as much as to say he could not speak. John Bull.] "shall I serve Philip Baboon with broad-cloth, and accept of the composition that he offers, with the liberty of his parks and fish-ponds?" Then Nic. roared like a bull, "O, o, o, o!" John Bull.] "If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself?" Then Nic. grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himself, and seemed to be so pleased, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the room. John Bull.] "Shall I leave all this matter to thy management, Nic. and go about my business?" Then Nic. got up a glass, and drank to John, shaking him by the hand, till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of joint. John Bull.] "I understand thee, Nic. but I shall make thee speak before I go." Then Nic. put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry *Buck*; which was as much as to say, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull.] "I have done Nic. if thou wilt not speak, I'll make my own terms with old Lewis here." Then Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum to him; which was as much as to say, kiss—

John perceiving that Frog would not speak, turns to old Lewis: "Since we cannot make this obstinate fellow speak, Lewis, pray condescend a little to his humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper, that he may answer it in another scrap."

VOL. VI.

A a

"I am

" I am infinitely sorry, quoth Lewis, that it
 " happens so unfortunately; for playing a little at
 " cudgels the other day, a fellow has given me
 " such a rap over the right-arm, that I am quite
 " lame: I have lost the use of my fore-finger and
 " my thumb, so that I cannot hold my pen."

J. Bull. " That's all one, let me write for you.

Lewis. " But I have a misfortune, that I cannot
 " read any body's hand but my own."

J. Bull. " Try what you can do with your left
 " hand."

Lewis. " That's impossible; it will make such a
 " scrawl, that it will not be legible."

As they were talking of this matter, in came
 Esquire South *, all dressed up in feathers and
 ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his sword
 as if he would have cut off their heads; crying,
 " Room, room, boys, for the grand Esquire of the
 " world! the flower of Esquires! What! cover-
 " ed in my presence? I'll crush your souls, and
 " crack you like lice!" With that he had like to
 have struck John Bull's hat into the fire; but John
 who was pretty strong fisted, gave him such a
 squeeze as made his eyes water. He went on still
 in his mad pranks; " When I am Lord of the u-
 " niverse, the sun shall prostrate and adore me &
 " Thou, Frog, shalt be my bailiff; Lewis my tay-
 " ler; and thou, John Bull, shalt be my fool!"

All this while Frog laughed in his sleeve, gave
 the Esquire t'other noggan of brandy, and clapped
 him on the back, which made him ten times
 madder.

Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to him-
 self: " Well, John thou art got into rare compa-
 " ny! One has a dumb devil, the other a mad
 " devil, and the third a spirit of infirmity. An
 " honest man has a fine time on't among such

* The Archduke was now become Emperor of Germany being
 unanimously elected upon the death of Joseph the first.

“ rogues. What art thou asking of them, after
 “ all? Some mighty boon one would think! only
 “ to sit quietly at thy own fire-side. 'Sdeath,
 “ what have I to do with such fellows! John Bull,
 “ after all his losses and crosses, can live better
 “ without them, than they can without him.
 “ Would to God I lived a thousand leagues off
 “ them! but the devil's in't, John Bull is in, and
 “ John Bull must get out as well as he can.”

As he was talking to himself, he observed Frog and old Lewis edging towards one another to whisper*: so that John was forced to sit with his arms a kimbo, to keep them asunder.

Some people advised John to blood Frog under the tongue, or to take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire South hellebore; as for Lewis, some were for emollient pulstesses, others for opening his arms with an incision-knife.



C H A P. XI †.

*The apprehending, examination, and imprisonment of
 Jack for suspicion of poisoning.*

THE attentive reader cannot have forgot, that the story of Yan Pischirnfooker's powder was interrupted by a message from Frog. I have a natural

* Some attempts of secret negotiation between the French and the Dutch.

† The receiving the holy sacrament as administered by the church of England once at least in every year, having been made a necessary qualification for places of trust and profit, many of the dissenters came to the altar merely for this purpose. A bill to prevent this practice had been three times brought into the house and rejected, under the

natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself; therefore to gratify that uneasy itching sensation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptschirnsooker came off (as rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows. Jack was accused as the contriver of all the roguery *. And indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate spight against the old gentlewoman; and consequently, that never any ill accident happened to her, but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she pricked her finger, Jack, to be sure, laid the pin in the way; if some noise in the street disturbed her rest, who could it be but Jack in some of his nocturnal rambles? If a servant ran away, Jack had debauched him: every idle tittle-tattle that went about, Jack was always suspected for the author of it: however, all was nothing to this last affair of the temperating, moderating powder.

The hue and cry went after Jack to apprehend him dead or alive, where ever he could be found. The constables looked out for him in all his usual haunts; but to no purpose. Where d'ye think they found him at last! Even smoaking his pipe very quietly at his brother Martin's; from whence he was carried with a vast mob at his heels before

title of "A bill to prevent occasional conformity." But the Earl of Nottingham having brought it in a fourth time under another name, and with, the addition of such clauses as were said to enlarge the toleration, and to be a further security to the protestant succession, the Whigs, whose cause the Earl then appeared to espouse, were persuaded to concur; some, because they were indeed willing that the bill should pass, and others, because they believed the Earl of Oxford would at last procure it to be thrown out. The four following chapters contain the history of this transaction.

* All the misfortunes of the church charged upon the Presbyterian party.

the

the worshipful Mr. Justice Overdo. Several of his neighbours made oath, that of late the prisoner † had been observed to lead a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual hypocrisy, and the pretences to sobriety: that he frequented taverns and eating houses, and had been often guilty of drunkenness and gluttony at my Lord-Mayor's table: that he had been seen in the company of lewd women: that he had transferred his usual care of the engrossed copy of his father's will, to bank-bills, orders for tallies, and debentures ‡: these he now affirmed, with more literal truth, to be "meat ||, "drink, and cloth, the philosopher's stone, and "the universal medicine:" that he was so far from shewing his customary reverence to the will, that he kept company with those that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery *: that he not only sat quietly and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the discourse, and hugged the authors as his bosom friends; "That, instead of asking for blows † at the corners of the streets," he now bestowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In short, that he was grown a mere rake; and had nothing left in him of old Jack, except his spight to John Bull's mother.

Another witness made oath, That Jack had been overheard bragging of a trick † he had found out to manage the old formal jade, as he used to call her. "Damn this numb-skull of mine, quoth he, "that I could not ligh on it sooner. As long as "I go in this ragged tattered coat, I am so well

† The manners of the dissenters changed from their former strictness.

‡ Dealing much in stock-jobbing.

|| Tale of a Tub.

* Herding with deists and atheists.

† Tale of a Tub.

‡ Getting into places and church preferments by occasional conformity.

“ known, that I am hunted away from the old, woman’s door by every barking cur about the house; they bid me defiance. There’s no doing mischief as an open enemy; I must find some way or other of getting within doors, and then I shall have better opportunities of playing my pranks, besides the benefit of good keeping.”

Two witnesses swore ||, that several years ago, there came to their mistress’s door a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of Timothy Trim, whom they did in their conscience believe to be the very prisoner, resembling him in shape, stature, and the features of his countenance: that the said Timothy Trim being taken into the family, clapped their mistress’s livery over his own tattered coat: that the said Timothy was extremely officious about their mistress’s person, endeavouring by flattery and tale-bearing to set her against the rest of the servants: no body was so ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt: that he used to shove and elbow his fellow-servants to get near his mistress, especially when money was a-paying or receiving; then he was never out of the way: that he was extremely diligent about every body’s business, but his own: that the said Timothy, while he was in the family, used to be playing roguish tricks; when his mistress’s back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like a Harlequin, ridiculing her motions and gestures; but if his mistress looked about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: that he used often to trip up stairs so smoothly, that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: that he would pinch the children and ser-

|| Betraying the interests of the church, when got into preferments.

vants

vants, when he met them in the dark, so hard, that he left the print of his fore-finger and thumb in black and blue, and then slunk into a corner, as if no body had done it: out of the same malicious design he used to lay chairs and joint-stools in their way, that they might break their noses by falling over them: the more young and unexperienced he used to teach to talk saucily, and call names: during his stay in the family, there was much plate missing; being caught with a couple of silver spoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he said, he was only going to carry them to the goldsmith's to be mended: that the said Timothy was hated by all the honest servants for his ill-conditioned, splenetic tricks, but especially for his slanderous tongue; traducing them to their mistress, as drunkards, thieves, and whore-masters: that the said Timothy by lying stories used to set all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; particularly one day sitting at table *, he spoke words to this effect: "I am
" of opinion, (quoth he,) that little short fellows,
" such as we are, have better hearts, and could
" beat the tall fellows; I wish it came to a fair
" trial; I believe these long fellows, as slightly as
" they are, should find their jackets well thwack-
" ed."

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themselves affronted by the discourse, took up the quarrel, and to it they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues still a faction in the family, to the great disorder of our mistress's affairs: The said Timothy carried this frolic so far, that he proposed to his mistress, that she should entertain no servant that was above four feet seven inches high; and for that purpose had prepared a gauge, by which

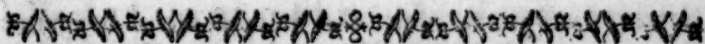
* The original of the distinction in the names of Low churchmen and High church men,

they were to be measured. The good old gentlewoman was not so simple as to go into his project; she began to smell a rat. "This Trim," quoth she, "is an odd sort of a fellow; methinks he makes a strange figure with that ragged, tattered coat, appearing under his livery; cannot he go spruce and clean, like the rest of the servants? the fellow has a roguish leer with him, which I do not like by any means; besides, he has such a twang in his discourse, and an ungraceful way of speaking through the nose, that one can hardly understand him: I wish the fellow be not tainted with some bad disease." The witnesses farther made oath, that the said Timothy lay out a nights, and went abroad often at unseasonable hours; and it was credibly reported he did business in another family: That he pretended to have a squeamish stomach, and could not eat at table with the rest of the servants, though this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for himself; that he refused to dine upon salt fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite dish) in private; that for all his tender stomach, when he was got by himself, he could devour capons, turkeys, and sirloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witnesses gave the following evidence; that in his officious attendance upon his mistress, he had tried to slip a powder into her drink; and that he was once caught endeavouring to stifle her with a pillow as she was asleep: that he and Ptschirnsooker were often in close conference, and that they used to drink together at the Rose, where it seems he was well enough known by his true name Jack.

The prisoner had little to say in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himself *alibi*; so that the trial turned upon this single question, whether the said Timothy Trim and Jack were the same person; which was proved by such plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was

no withstanding the evidence; therefore the worshipful Mr. Justice committed him in order to his trial.



C H A P. XII.

How Jack's friends came to visit him in prison, and what advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had passed in the world for a poor, simple, well meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were strangely surprised to find him in such a roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false name, hire himself out for a servant to an old gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poison her. They said, that it was more generous to profess open enmity, than, under a profound dissimulation, to be guilty of such a scandalous breach of trust, and of the sacred rights of hospitality. In short, the action was universally condemned by his best friends; they told him in plain terms, that this was come as a judgement upon him for his loose life, his gluttony, drunkenness, and avarice; for laying aside his father's will in an old mouldy trunk, and turning stock-jobber, news-monger, and busy-body, meddling with other people's affairs, shaking off his old serious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pick-pockets, his father's sworn enemies: That he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the court; repent and change his manners. To say truth, Jack had heard these discourses with some compunction; however, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: They sent Habbakkuk Slyboots*, who

* Habbakkuk Slyboots, a certain great man who persuaded the dissenters to consent to the bill against Occasional Conformity, as being for their interest.

delivered him the following message, at the peremptory commands of his trusty companions.

Hab. Dear Jack, I am sorry for thy misfortune; matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however we must make the best of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that is certain; hang, draw, and quarter, are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life: Thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by the means of Don Diego; he assures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common road; however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you make as if you hanged yourself*; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of prison in a bier; and John Bull, being busied with his law-suit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myself?

Hab. Nay, you must really hang yourself up in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the rest to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of some concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: A rope and a noose are no jesting matters!

Hab. Why so mistrustful? hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to ut thee down.

c

* Consent to the bill against Occasional Conformity.

Jack

Jack. May I presume to ask who it is, that is entrusted with so important an office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy how's and thy why's? That's a secret.

Jack. A secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a man, before he hangs himself up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou suspicious creature! if thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir Roger †: He has been in tears ever since thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next room, and before the rope is well about thy neck, rest satisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: Fear not, old boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I must hang myself up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of Don Diego: A fine stratagem indeed to save my life, that depends upon hanging, Don Diego, and Sir Roger.

Hab. I tell thee there is a mystery in all this, my friend, a piece of profound policy; if thou knewest what good this will do to the common cause, thy heart would leap for joy: I am sure thou wouldst not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the tune of All for the better. What's your cause to me, when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal! if thou wilt not trust thy friends, take what follows; know assuredly, before next full moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous places of the kingdom. Nay, I don't be-

† It was given out, that the Earl of Oxford would oppose the occasional bill, and so lose his credit with the Tories; and the Dissenters did believe he would not let it pass.

lieve they will be contented with hanging: they talk of impaling or breaking on the wheel; and thou chusest that, before a gentle suspending of thyself for one minute. Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several, that have undergone it; they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness; be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or so: Sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if Sir Roger should not come; will my friends be there to succour me?

Hab. Doubt it not, I will provide every thing against to-morrow morning; do thou keep thy own secret say nothing: I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the common good, that thou should'st go through this operation.



C H A P. XIII.

How Jack hanged himself up by the persuation of his friends, who broke their words, and left his neck in the noose.

JACK was a professed enemy to implicit faith, and yet I dare to say it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now with his old friends, in the state of a poor disbanded officer, after a peace, or rather a wounded soldier after a battle; like an old favourite of a cunning minister after the job is over; or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in quest of new game; or like a hundred such things, that one sees every day. There were new intrigues new
views,

views, new projects on foot; Jack's life was the purchase of Diego's friendship *, much good may it do them. The interest of Hocus and Sir William Crawley, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack absolutely necessary. You may easily guess, that his rest that night was but small, and much disturbed; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as the custom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or singing a double verse of a psalm; but amused himself with disposing of his bank-stock. Many a doubt, many a qualm overspread his clouded imagination: "Must I then" quoth he "hang up my own personal, natural, individual self, with these two hands!" *durus sermo!* What if I should be cut down, as my friends tell me? There is something infamous in the very attempt: the world will conclude, I had a guilty conscience. Is it possible that good man Sir Roger can have so much pity upon an unfortunate scoundrel, that has persecuted him so many years? No, it cannot be; I don't love favours that pass through Don Diego's hands. On the other side, my blood chills about my heart at the thought of these rogues, with their bloody hands grabbling in my guts, and pulling out my very entrails: hang it, for once I'll trust my friends." So Jack resolved; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country, and made his defence in form; many things happen between the cup and the lip; witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or prosecutions stopped. But so it was, Jack for this time had a sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shows.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he

* The Earl of Nottingham made the concurrence of the Whigs to bring in and carry this bill, one of the conditions of his engaging in their cause.

was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to see it put in practice. Habbakkuk had brought him a smooth, strong, tough rope, made of many a p'y of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slid as glib as a bird catcher's gins. Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it; he handled it, he measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron bar of the window to try its strength; but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist: nay, the very colour did not please him. "Will nothing less than hanging serve, *quoth* " *Jack*! Won't my enemies take bail for my good " behaviour? Will not they accept of a fine, or be " satisfied with the pillory and imprisonment: A " good round whipping, or burning in the cheek?"

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage: Make haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprising the rogues: How they will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own self?

Jack. That's true; but what if I should do it in effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? We are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common liar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your person; your friends will take care of that.

Jack. May'nt I quilt my rope? It galls my neck strangely: Besides, I don't like this running-knot, it holds too tight: I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab. Thou hast so many *ifs* and *ands*; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain settle some affairs, for fear of the worst: have a little patience.

Hab. There's no having patience, thou art such a faintling, silly creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable passive obedience! did I ever imagine I should become thy votary in so pregnant an instance! How will my brother Martin laugh at this story, to see himself out-done in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine and left me the practice.

No sooner had he uttered these words, but like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool Habbakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack swinging, like the pendulum of Paul's clock. The fatal noose performed its office, and with the most strict ligature squeezed the blood into his face, till it assumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habbukkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper, and with jeers and scoffs instead of pity. "Jack has hanged himself, quoth they! let us go and see how the poor rogue swings." Then they called Sir Roger. "Sir Roger, quoth Habbukkuk, Jack has hanged himself, make haste and cut him down." Sir Roger turned first one ear, and then the other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you, Jack has hanged himself up.

Sir Roger. Who's hanged?

Hab. Jack.

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging day.

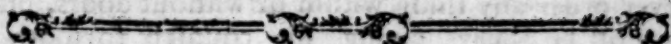
Hab. But the poor fellow has hanged himself.

Sir Roger. Then let him hang. I don't wonder

at it, the fellow has been mad these twenty years. With this he flung away.

Then Jack's friends began to hunch and push one another, "Why don't you go, and cut the poor fellow down? Why don't you? And why don't you? Not I, quoth one; Not I, quoth another; Not I, quoth a third; he may hang till doomsday before I relieve him." Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that Ptschirnsooker and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had advised and justified before, viz. his getting into the old gentlewoman's family and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found Jack swinging with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company. "This gentlemen, is the rope that hanged Jack; what must be done with it?" Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham college*, and it is called *Jack's rope* to this very day. However, Jack after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest, supposing him to be dead, brought him in *non compos*.

* Since removed with the royal society into Crane-Court in Fleet-street.



C H A P. XIV.

The conferences between Don Diego and John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing transactions, Don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend Diego, and the treachery of Sir Roger.

J. Bull. What's the matter now.

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue Jack; but what through the remissness of constables, justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Consider then, who is your best friend; he that wou'd have brought him to condign punishment, or he that has saved him. By my persuasion Jack had hanged himself, if Sir Roger had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you, that Sir Roger has done so?

D. Diego. You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my services deserve a better return.

J. Bull. Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging work, I'll send for thee: I have some better employment for Sir Roger: in the mean time, I desire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he first came out of the north country to my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning-wheel, 'till somebody turned his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon

him the government of my whole family : I could never order any thing within or without doors, but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth ; nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past : and if he would mind his business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere, he will find, that John Bull is not of a cruel disposition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful physicians say, that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her soup.

J. Bull. Those are quacks : my mother abhors such cannibal's food : she is in perfect health at present : I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well some time ago. There are indeed two or three troublesome old nurses *, that, because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest with knocking me up : " Oh, Sir, your mother is taken extremely ill ! " she is fallen into a fainting fit ! she has a great " emptiness, wants sustenance ! " This is only to recommend themselves for their great care : John Bull, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.



C H A P. XV.

*The sequel of the meeting at the Salutation.**

WHERE I think I left John Bull, sitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms a-kimbo, in great concern to keep Lewis and Nic. asunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by

* New clamours about the danger of the church.

* At the congress of Utrecht.

a cleanly conveyance under the table to slip a short note into Lewis's hand; which Lewis as slyly put into John's pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. John had the curiosity to retire into a corner to peruse these billet-doux † of Nic's; wherein he found, that Nic. had used great freedoms both with his interest and reputation. One contained these words: "Dear Lewis, thou see'st clearly, that this blockhead can never bring matters to bear: let thee and me talk to night by ourselves at the Rose, and I'll give thee satisfaction." Another was thus expressed; "Friend Lewis, has thy sense quite forsaken thee, to make Bull such offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I'll warrant thee."

In some of his billets he told Lewis, "That John Bull was under his guardianship; that the best part of his servants were at his command; that he could have John gagged and bound whenever he pleased by the people of his own family." In all these epistles, blockhead, dunce, ass, coxcomb, were the best epithets he gave poor John. In others he threatned, "That he ‡, Esquire South, and the rest of the tradesmen, would lay Lewis down upon his back and beat out his teeth, if he did not retire immediately, and break up the meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my reader, that John often changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good slap on the chops; but he wisely moderated his choleric temper. "I saved this fellow, quoth he, from the gallows, when he run away from his last master*, because I

† Some offers of the Dutch at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.

‡ Threatening that the allies would carry on the war, without the help of the English.

* The king of Spain, whose yoke the Dutch threw off with the assistance of the English.

thought

" thought he was harshly treated: but the rogue
" was no sooner safe under my protection, than
" he began to lie, pilfer, and steal like the devil †,
" When I first set him up in a warm house, he had
" hardly put up his sign, when he began to
" debauch my best customers from me. Then
" it was his constant practice to rob my fish-
" ponds †, not only to feed his family, but to trade
" with the fishmongers: I connived at the fellow,
" till he began to tell me, that they were his as
" much as mine. In my manor of Eastcheap †, be-
" cause it lay at some distance from constant in-
" spection, he broke down my fences, robbed my
" orchards, and beat my servants. When I used
" to reprimand him for his tricks, he would talk
" faucily, lye and brazen it out, as if he had done
" nothing amiss. Will nothing cure thee of thy
" pranks, Nic. quoth I? I shall be forced some
" time or other to chastise thee. The rogue got
" up his cane and threatened me, and was well
" thrucked for his pains. But I think his beha-
" viour at this time worst of all; after I have al-
" most drowned myself to keep his head above
" water, he would leave me sticking in the mud,
" trusting to his goodness to help me out. After I
" have beggared myself with his troublesome law-
" suit, with a pox to him, he takes it in mighty
" dudgeon, because I have brought him here to
" end matters amicably, and because I won't let
" him make me over by deed and indenture as his
" lawful cully; which to my certain knowledge he
" has attempted several times. But, after all, canst
" thou gather grapes from thorns? Nic. does not
" pretend to be a gentleman; he is a tradesman,
" a self-seeking wretch; but how camest thou to

† Complaints against the Dutch for incroachments in trade, fishery, East Indies, &c. The war with the Dutch on these accounts,

“ bear all this, John? The reason is plain; thou
“ conferrest the benefits, and he receives them;
“ the first produces love, and the last ingratitude
“ Ah! Nic. Nic. thou art a damned dog, that’s
“ certain: thou knowest too well, that I will take
“ care of thee; else thou wouldst not use me thus.
“ I won’t give thee up, ’tis true: but as true it is,
“ thou shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable
“ custom.” While John was deep in this soliloquy,
Nic. broke out into the following protestation:

GENTLEMEN,

“ I believe, every body here present will allow
“ me to be a very just and disinterested person. My
“ friend John Bull here is very angry with me,
“ forsooth, because I won’t agree to his foolish
“ bargains. Now I declare to all mankind, I should
“ be ready to sacrifice my own concerns to his
“ quiet; but the care of his interest, and that of
“ the honest tradesmen * that are embarked with
“ us, keeps me from entering into this composition.
“ What shall become of those poor creatures? the
“ thought of their impending ruin disturbs my
“ night’s rest, therefore I desire they may speak for
“ themselves. If they are willing to give up this
“ affair, I shan’t make two words of it.”

John Bull begged him to lay aside that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the interest of those tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy on him some years ago, on a like occasion. Nic answered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatswain’s whistle. Upon the first whiff, the tradesmen came jumping into the room, and begun to surround Lewis, like so many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to use a modester simile, like duns at a great Lord’s levee, the morning he goes into the

* The allies.

country. One pulled him by the sleeve another by the skirt, a third hollowed in his ear : they began to ask him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase : some asked for their manors, others for acres that lay convenient for them ; that he would pull down his fences, level his ditches : all agreed in one common demand, that he should be purged, sweated, vomited, and starved, till he came to a sizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours : one modestly asked him leave to call him brother : Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fishmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furnish the kitchen. John's sister Peg only desired, that he would let his servants sing psalms a Sundays, Some descended even to the asking of old cloaths, shoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco pipes, and ends of candles.

" Monsieur Bull, quoth Lewis, you seem to be
" a man of some breeding ; for God's sake, use
" your interest with these messieurs, that they
" would speak but one at once ; for if one had a
" hundred pair of hands, and as many tongues, he
" cannot satisfy them all at this rate." John begged they might proceed with some method ; then they stopped all of a sudden, and would not say a word. " If this be your play, quoth John, that we
" may not be like a quaker's dumb meeting, let us
" begin some diversion ; what d'ye think of rouly-
" pouly, or a country dance ? What if we should
" have a match at foot-ball ? I am sure we shall
" never end matters at this rate."



C H A P. XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their account.

J. Bull. **D**URING this general cessation of talk, what if you and I, Nic, should enquire how money matters stand between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let Hocus audit; he knows how the money was disbursed.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at present; we'll settle it between ourselves; fair and square, Nic. keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this law-suit, at one time, 36,000 pounds, and 40,000 crowns: In some cases I, in others you, bear the greatest proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay three fifths of the greatest number, and you pay two thirds of the lesser number: I think this is fair and square, as you call it.

J. Bull. Well, go on.

Nic. Two thirds of 36,000 pounds are 24,000 pounds for your share, and there remains 12,000 for mine. Again, of the 40,000 crowns I pay 24,000, which is three fifths, and you pay only 16,000, which is two fifths; 24,000 crowns make 6000 pounds; and 16,000 crowns make 4000 pounds, 12,000 and 6000 make 18,000; 24,000 and 4,000 make 28,000. So there are 18,000 pounds to my share of the expences, and 28,000 to yours.

After Nic. had bambouzed John a while about the 18,000 and the 28,000, John called for counters; but what with flight of hand, and taking from his own score, and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always to his own side.

J. Bull. Nay, good friend Nic. though I am not quite

quite so nimble in the fingers, I understand cyphering as well as you. I will produce my accounts one by one, fairly writ out off my own books : and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me, if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[John reads.]

For the *expences ordinary* of the suits, fees, to judges, puny judges, lawyers, innumerable of all sorts.

Of *extraordinaries*, as follows *per accompt*.

To Esquire South's accompt for *post terminums*

To ditto for *non est factums*

To ditto for *noli prosequi's*, *discontinuance* and *retraxit*

For *writs of error*

Suits of *conditions unperformed*

To Hocus for *dedimus potestatem*

To ditto for *a capias ad computandum*

To Frog's new tenants *per accompt* to Hocus, for *audita querela's*

On the said account for *writs of ejectment* and *distingas*

To Esquire South's quota for a return of *a non est invent.* and *nulla habet bona*

To ——— for a pardon *in forma pauperis*

To Jack for a *melius inquirendum* upon a *fele de se*

To coach hire

For treats to juries and witnesses

John having read over his articles, with the respective sums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the ballance

3382 12 00

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket and began to read :

Nicholas Frog's accompt.

Remains to be deducted out of the former accompt,

1

Paid

Paid by Nic. Frog, for his share of the *ordinary expences* of the suit

To Hocus for entries of a *rege inconsulto*

To John Bull's nephew for a *venire facias*, the money not yet all laid out

The coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this law-suit

For the extraordinary expences of feeding my family during this law-suit

To Major Ab.

To Major Will.

And summing all up, found due upon the balance by John Bull to Nic. Frog 69 04 06

J. Bull. As for your *venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonsuited. I'll take care of my nephew myself. Your *coach-hire* and family charges are most unreasonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are those two majors, that consume all my money? I find they always run away with the ballance in all accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some service. To tell you plainly, Major Ab. denotes thy greater *ability*, and Major Will. thy greater *willingness* to carry on this law-suit. It was but reasonable that thou shouldst pay both for thy *power* and thy *positiveness*.

J. Bull. I believe I shall have these two honest majors discount on my side in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend about such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. Oh Hocus! Hocus! where art thou! It used to go another guise manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him,

him, and fleeing him; is that thy conscience, John?

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy lawyers by the year, so a fresh law-suit adds but little to thy expences; they are thy customers *: I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of any thing: nay, thou hast set up an eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckoned, I believe thou gettest more of my money, than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at least, that thy accompts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I; I refer myself to these honest gentlemen; let them judge between us. Let Esquire South speak his mind, whether my accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our law-suit.

J. Bull. Consult the butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think, that John Bull will be tried by Piepowders †? I tell you once for all, John Bull knows where his shoe pinches: none of your Esquires shall give him the law, as long as he wears this trusty weapon by his side, or has an inch of broad-cloth in his shop.

Nic. Frog. Why, there it is; you will be both judge and party; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy head-strong humour before these strange gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin some time or other: let it never be said, that the famous John Bull has departed in despite of court.

* The money spent in Holland and Flanders.

† Court of piepowders (*curia pedis pulverizati*) is a court of record incident to every fair; whereof the steward is judge, and the trial is by merchants and traders in the fair. It is so called, because it is most useful in the summer; and because of the expeditions in hearing causes; for the matter is to be done, complained of, heard and determined the same day, that is, before the dust goes off the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, Nic. to turn barretter in thy old days; a stirrer up of quarrels amongst thy neighbours? I tell thee, Nic. some time or other thou wilt repent this.

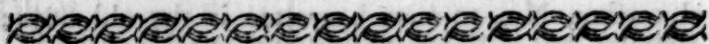
But John saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little success in settling his accompts, as ending the composition. "Since they will needs overload my shoulders, *quoth John*, I shall throw down the burden with a squash amongst them, take it up who dares; a man has a fine time of it amongst a combination of a sharpers, that vouch for one another's honesty. John, look to thyself; old Lewis makes reasonable offers; when thou hast spent the small pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to live upon Nic. Frog and Esquire South's generosity and gratitude: when they use thee thus when they want thee, what will they do when thou wantest them? I say again, John, look to thyself."

John wisely stifled his resentments, and told the company, that in a little time he should give them law, or something better.

All. Law! law! Sir, by all means *. What is twenty two poor years towards the finishing a lawsuit? For the love of God more law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your demands, how many years more of law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the mean while farewell.

* Clamours for continuing the war.



C H A P. XVII.

*How John Bull found all his family in an uproar at home *.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market, and there disposing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to traverse this new project, and to make him uneasy in his own family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his servants into the most extravagant conceits in the world; that their master was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poison in the other; that he had sold his wife and children to Lewis, disinherited his heir, and was going to settle his estate upon a parish boy; that if they did not look after their master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When John came home, he found a more surprizing scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid Betty to bespeak his dinner: Betty told him, "That she begged his pardon, she could not dress dinner, till she knew what he intended to do with his will." "Why Betty, quoth John, thou art not run mad, art thou? My will at present is to have dinner." "That may be, quoth Betty, but my conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your heir?" "I am sorry for that, Betty, quoth John, I must

* Clamours about the danger of the succession.

"find some body else then." Then he called John the barber. "Before I begin, *quoth John*, I hope your honour won't be offended, if I ask you, whether you intend to alter your will? If you don't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle for me." "I'gad so it shall, *quoth Bull*, for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands. Where's Dick the butler?" "Look ye, *quoth Dick*, I am very willing to serve you in my calling d'ye see; but there are strange reports, and plain-dealing is best d'ye see; I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your nephew, and if Nic. Frog is still your executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these points, you may drink with the ducks." "And so I will, *quoth John*, rather than keep a butler that loves my heir better than myself." Hope the shoemaker, and Pricket the taylor told him, "They would most willingly serve him in their several stations, if he would promise them never to talk with Lewis Baboon, and let Nicholas Frog linen draper manage his concerns; that they could neither make shoes nor cloaths to any that were not in good correspondence with their worthy friend Nicholas."

J. Bull. Call Andrew my journeyman. How goes affairs, Andrew? I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

John Bull. Just as other dead folks do, Andrew. — This is amazing!

Andrew. I mean, if your nephew shall inherit your estate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

J. Bull. Thou meanest, that I should put him

in possession, for I can make it no surer without that ; he has all the law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed possession, as you say, would make it much surer ; they say, it is eleven points of the law.

John began now to think that they were all enchanted ; he inquired about the age of the moon ; if Nic. had not given them some intoxicating potion, or if old mother Jenisa was still alive ? “ No
“ o’ my faith, *quoth Harry*, “ I believe there is no
“ potion in the case, but a little *aurum potabile*.
“ You will have more of this by and by.” He had scarce spoke the word, when another friend of John’s accosted him after the following manner.

“ Since those worthy persons, who are as much
“ concerned for your safety as I am, have employ-
“ ed me as their orator, I desire to know whether
“ you will have it by way of syllogism, enthymem,
“ dilemma, or sorites.”

John now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull. Let’s have a sorites by all means ; though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all who are versed in history, that there were two sisters that played the whore two thousand years ago : therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse with Lewis Baboon : if it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse (correspondence, if you will, that is much the same thing), then *a fortiori* it is much more unlawful for the said John to make over his wife and children to the said Lewis : if his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratbane in his pockets : if he wears a dagger and ratbane it must be to do mischief to himself, and somebody else : if he intends to do mischief, he ought to be under guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy persons, who have a commission for that purpose from
Nic.

Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and testament.

J. Bull. And this is your forites, you say,—with that he snatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the man that was first at the door: crowding to get out, they tumbled down stairs; and it is credibly reported, some of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

“That any of these rogues, quoth John should
“imagine, I am not as much concerned as they a-
“bout having my affairs in a settled condition, or
“that I would wrong my heir for I know not
“what! Well, Nic. I really cannot but applaud
“thy dilligence; I must own this is really a pretty
“sort of a trick, but it shan’t do thy business for
“all that.”



C H A P. XVIII.

How Lewis Baloon came to visit John Bull, and what passed between them.*

I THINK it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir Humphrey himself, but by another very able *pen* of the univerfity of Grubstreet.

JOHN had (by some good instructions given him by Sir Roger) got the better of his cholerick temper, and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of mind to pursue his own interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way; he began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politics,

* Private negotiations about Dunkirk.

considering

considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a foot ball or a match at cricket; for which Sir Roger was sure to take him to task. John was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance: his servant brought him word, that one Lewis Baboon below wanted to speak with him. John had got an impression, that Lewis was so deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: at last he took heart of grace; "Let him come up," quoth he, it is but sticking to my point, and he "can never over-reach me."

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of back-sword and cudgel-play from my youth, and now I bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a ware-house, and as fair possessions, as any of my neighbours, though I say it; but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars, have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my misfortunes are heightened by domestic calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: but, alas! I see but small hopes of that, for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies to pursue their revenge; formerly I was to be hanged, because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppressed when too poor. Nic. Frog has used me like a scoundrel; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Master Baboon, as to your usage

usage of your neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it suffice at present, that you have been met with: you have been rolling a great stone up hill all your life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to pieces: plain-dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Mr. Baboon, whereby one may know when you fib, and when you speak truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I should trust you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongst us tradesmen, but interest: and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull. The trust I give is in short this; I must have something in hand, before I make the bargain, and the rest, before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your something.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon. Ecclestown-castle*, I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Ecclestown castle, you say!

L. Baboon. Just so.

J. Bull. Every single stone of Ecclestown castle, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. When you please; what needs more words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *equivocals* and *mentals* in this case.

* Dunkirk.

L. Baboon. There's nothing like matter of fact; seeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talkest to the purpose; let us shake hands, old boy. Let me ask the one question more; what hast thou to do to meddle with the affairs of my family? to dispose of my estate, old boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as thou hast to do with the affairs of Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being was concerned in that.

L. Baboon. And my interest was concerned in the other: but let us both drop our pretences; for I believe it is a moot-point, whether I am more likely to make a Master Bull, or you a Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Agreed, old boy; but then I must have security, that I shall carry my broad-cloth to market, old boy.

L. Baboon. That you shall: Ecclestown-castle! Ecclestown! remember that: why wouldst thou not take it, when it was offered thee some years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou wouldst not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monsieur Bull be so grossly abused by downright nonsense? they that advised you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the experiment? but I can tell you more of that matter, than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull. But what sayest thou as to the Esquire, Nic. Frog, and the rest of the tradesmen? I must take care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou hast but small obligations to Nic. to my certain knowledge: He has not used me like a gentleman.

J. Bull. Nic. indeed is not very nice in your punctilios

tilios of ceremony ; he is clownish, as a man may say : Belching and calling of names have been allowed him time out of mind, by prescription ; but however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

L. Baboon. All matters that relate to him, and the rest of the plaintiffs in this law-suit, I will refer to your justice.



C H A P. XIX.

Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct, with relation to John Bull and the law-suit.

NIC. perceived now that his cul'y had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned to recover his bubble: Amongst other artifices he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

DEAR FRIEND *.

“ **W**HEN I considered the late ill usage I have
 “ met with from you, I was reflecting what
 “ it was that could provoke you to it ; but upon a
 “ narrow inspection into my conduct, I can find
 “ nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial
 “ a concern for your interest. You no sooner set
 “ this composition a-foot, but I was ready to com-
 “ ply, and prevented your very wishes ; and the
 “ affair might have been ended before now, had it
 “ not been for the greater concerns of Esquire
 “ South, and the other poor creatures embarked

* Substance of the States letter.

“ in the same common cause, whose safety touch-
 “ es me to the quick. You seemed a little jealous,
 “ that I had dealt unfairly with you in money-
 “ matters, till it appeared by your own accounts
 “ that there was something due to me upon the bal-
 “ lance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a
 “ demonstration, you began to complain, as if I
 “ had been familiar with your reputation ; when it
 “ is well known, not only I, but the meanest ser-
 “ vants in my family, talk of you with the utmost
 “ respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, ex-
 “ horted your servants and tenants to be dutiful ;
 “ not that I any way meddle in your domestic af-
 “ fairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do.
 “ If some of your servants express their great con-
 “ cern for you in a manner that is not so very polite,
 “ you ought to impute it to their extraordinary
 “ zeal, which deserves a reward, rather than a
 “ reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of
 “ success at the Salutation, since I am not master
 “ of the passions and interests of other folks. I
 “ have beggared myself with this law-suit, under-
 “ taken merely in complaisance to you ; and if you
 “ would have had but a little patience, I had still
 “ greater things in reserve, that I intended to have
 “ done for you. I hope, what I have said will pre-
 “ vail with you to lay aside your unreasonable jea-
 “ lousies, and that we may have no more meetings
 “ at the Salutation, spending our time and money
 “ to no purpose. My concern for your welfare and
 “ prosperity almost makes me mad. You may be
 “ assured I will continue to be

“ Your affectionate

“ friend and servant

NIC. FROG.”

John received this with a good deal of *sang froid* :
Transeta quoth John, *cum ceteris erroribus*. He
 was now at his ease ; he saw he could now make a

very good bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other folks. " My shirt, *quoth he*, is near me, " but my skin is nearer : Whilst I take care of the " welfare of other folks, nobody can blame me to " apply a little balsam to my own sores. It is a " pretty thing, after all, for a man to do his own business ; a man has such a tender concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is something " better, I trow, than for John Bull to be standing in the market, like a great dray horse, with " Frog's paws upon his head.—What will you " give me for this beast ? Serviteur Nic. Frog, you " may kiss my back-side, if you please. Though " John Bull has not read your Aristotles, Platos, " and Machiavels, he can see as far into a milstone " as another." With that John began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burst his sides.



C H A P. XX.

*The discourse *, that passed between Nic. Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard.*

JOHN thought every minute a year, till he got into Ecclestown-castle ; he repairs to the Salutation, with a design to break the matter gently to his partners ; before he entered, he overheard Nic. and the Esquire in a very pleasant conference.

Esq. South. Oh the ingratitude and injustice of mankind ! that John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendship and protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no

* Negotiations between the Emperor and the Dutch for continuing the war, and getting the property of Flanders.

more money for me! that the family of the Souths, by his sneaking temper should be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your Worship, I am in a-maze at it; I think the rogue should be compelled to his duty.

Esq. South. That he should prefer his scandalous self, the dust and dregs of the earth, to the prosperity and grandeur of my family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his vails. It is strange he should prefer Philip Baboon's custom to Esquire South's.

Esq. South. As you say, that my clothier, that is to get so much by the purchase, should refuse to put me in possession; did you ever know any man's tradesman serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your Worship, it is a very unusual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty for the world. If your Honour had not a great stock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq. South. It is most intolerable, that's certain, *Nic.* and I will be revenged.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that Philip Baboon's tenants do not all take your Honour's part; considering how good and gentle a master you are.

Esq. South. True, *Nic.* but few are sensible of merit in this world: it is a great comfort, to have so faithful a friend as thyself in so critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world should forsake you, be assured *Nic. Frog* never will; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye.

Esq. South. Let me kiss thee, dear *Nic.* I have found one honest man among a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your Honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your interest.

Esq. South.

Esq. South. Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

Nic. Frog. You know I am your tenant; the difference between my lease and an inheritance is such a trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on: besides, it will make Bull as mad as the devil: you and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

Esq. South. Say no more, it will be done, Nic to thy heart's content.

JOHN all this while was listening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his sleeve at the pride and simplicity of the Esquire, and the sly roguery of his friend Nic. Then of a sudden, bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought Lewis to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, "No composition, long live Esquire South and the law!" As John was going to proceed, some roared, some stamped with their feet, others stopt their ears with their fingers.

Nay, Gentlemen, quoth John, if you will but stop proceeding for a while, you shall judge yourselves whether Lewis's proposals are reasonable*.

All. Very fine indeed, stop proceeding, and lose a term.

J. Bull. Not so neither; we have something by way of advance, he will put us in possession of his manour and castle of Ecclesdown.

Nic. Frog. What dost thou talk of us, thou meanest thyself.

J. Bull. When Frog took possession of any thing it was always said to be for us, and why may not John Bull be us, as well as Nic. Frog was us? I hope John Bull is no more confined to singularity than Nic. Frog; or, take it so, the constant doc-

* Proposals for cessation of arms, and delivery of Dunkirk.

trine that thou hast preached up for many years, was, that thou and I were one; and why must we supposed two in this case, that were always one before? it is impossible that thou and I can fall out, Nic. we must trust one another; I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog. That principle is true in the main, but there is some specialty in this case, that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

J. Bull. Those are your jealousies, that the common enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warned me of these rogues, Nic. that would make us mistrustful of one another!

Nic. Frog. This Ecclesdown-castle is only a bone of contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it so, for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the air and soil, the expenses of reparations and servants? I would scorn to accept of such a quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great man, Nic. but in my circumstances, I must be even content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really so silly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you.

J. Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I stand and fall by that, I am resolved to put him to it.

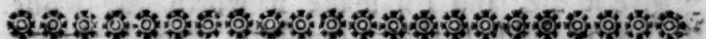
Nic. Frog. And so relinquish the hopefullest cause in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever!

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchase it, Nic.? thou shalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than that we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou wouldst but moderate that hasty, impatient temper of thine, thou shouldst quickly

quickly see a better thing than all that. What shouldst thou think to find old Lewis turned out of his paternal estates, and the mansion-house of Clay-pool *? Would not that do thy heart good, to see thy old friend Nic. Frog. Lord of Clay-pool? then thou and thy wife and children should walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we should have a country dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve see myself in Ecclestown-castle, as thee in Clay-pool. I tell you again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his sincerity; if you won't stop proceeding to hear him, I will.



C H A P. XXI.

The rest of Nic's fetches † to keep John out of Ecclestown-castle.

WHEN Nic. could not dissuade John by argument, he tried to move his pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his wife and children in a starving condition, if John did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome business as this law-suit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he saw that John was still inexorable, he pulled out a case-knife, with which he used to snickerfnee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his wind pipe with a most determined threatening air.

* Clay-, Paris. Lutetia.

† Attempts to hinder the cessation, and taking possession of Dunkirk.

“ What signifies life, quoth he, in this languishing
“ condition? It will be some pleasure, that my
“ friends will revenge my death upon this barba-
“ rous man, that has been the cause of it.” All
this while John looked sedate and calm, neither
offering in the least to snatch the knife, nor stop
his blow, trusting to the tenderness Nic. had for his
own person : when he perceived, that John was
immoveable in his purpose, he applied himself to
Lewis.

“ Art thou, quoth he, turned bubble in thy old
“ age, from being a sharper in thy youth? What
“ occasion hast thou to give up Ecclestown-castle
“ to John Bull? his friendship is not worth a rush;
“ give it me, and I’ll make it worth thy while.
“ If thou dislikest that proposition, keep it thyself,
“ I’d rather thou shouldst have it than he. If
“ thou harkenest not to my advice, take what
“ follows; Esquire South and I will go on with
“ our law suit in spite of John Bull’s teeth.”

L. Baboon. Monsieur Bull has used me like a
gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my
promise, and trust him for the consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doat-
ing fool—With that, Nic. bounced up with a
spring equal to that of one of your nimblest tum-
blers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon John
Bull, to snatch the cudgel he had in his hand *,
that he might thwack Lewis with it : John held
it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from
him. At last ‘Squire South buckled too, to assist
his friend Nic. John haled on one side, and they
two on the other; sometimes they were like to
pull John over; then it went all of a sudden again
on John’s side; so they went see-sawing up and
down, from one end of the room to the other.
Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and to-

* The army.

bacco-pipes: the wine and the tobacco were all spilt about the room, and the little fellows were almost trod under foot, till more of the tradesmen joining with Nic. and the 'Squire, John was hardly able to pull against them all; yet would he never quit hold of his trusty cudgel: which by the contrary force of two so great powers broke short in his hands †. Nic. seized the longer end, and with it began to bastinado old Lewis, who had slunk into a corner, waiting the event of this squabble. Nic. came up to him with an insolent menacing air so that the old fellow was forced to skuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung cart. He called to Nic. "Thou insolent jackanapes! time was
" when thou durst not have used me so, thou now
" takest me unprovided, but, old and infirm as I
" am, I shall find a weapon by and by to chastise
" thy impudence."

When John Bull had recovered his breath, he began to parley with Nic. "Friend Nic. I am glad,
" to find thee so strong after thy great complaints:
" really thy motions, Nic. are pretty vigorous
" for a consumptive man. As for thy wordly affairs, Nic. if it can do thee any service, I freely
" make over to thee this profitable law-suit, and I
" desire all these gentlemen to bear witness to this
" my act and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine
" has been the charges; I have brought it to bear
" finely: however, all I have laid out upon it
" goes for nothing, thou shalt have it with all its
" appurtenances, I ask nothing but leave to go
" home."

Nic. Frog. The counsel are fee'd, and all things prepared for a trial, thou shalt be forced to stand the issue; it shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: go home if thou canst, the gates are shut,

† The separation of the army.

the turnpikes locked *, and the roads barricadoed.

J. Bull. Even these very ways, Nic. that thou toldest me, were as open to me as thyself: if I can't pass with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied passage thro' those very grounds that I have purchased with my own money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

JOHN BULL was so overjoyed that he was going to take possession of Ecclestown, that nothing could vex him. "Nic. quoth he, I am just a going
" to leave thee, cast a kind look upon me at
" parting."

NIC. looked sour and grum, and would not open his mouth.

J. Bull. " I wish thee all the success that thy
" heart can desire, and that these honest gentle-
" men of the long robe may have their belly full
" of law."

NIC. could stand it no longer, but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. " B'uy, B'uy, Nic. not one poor smile
" at parting; won't you shake your day day, Nic.
" b'uy Nic.?" With that John marched out of the common road cross the country to take possession of Ecclestown.

* Difficulty of the march of part of the army to Dunkirk.



C H A P. XXII.

Of the great joy that John expressed when he got possession of Ecclesdown.*

WHEN John had got into his castle, he seemed like Ulysses upon his plank after he had been well soufed in salt-water; who, as Homer says, was as glad as a judge going to sit down to dinner, after hearing a long cause upon the bench. I dare say John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skipped from room to room; ran up stairs and down stairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; sometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vast solidity of the mason's work; at other times he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens: he bathed himself in the canal, swimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the sprightly violin, and the martial hautboy. The family tript it about and capered, like hail-stones bounding from a marble floor. Wine, ale, and October flew about as plentifully as kennel water: then a frolic took John in the head to call up some of Nic. Frog's pensioners, that had been so mutinous in his family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to see your master in Ecclesdown-castle?

All. Yes, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

* Dunkirk.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Swear to me, that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell, if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did.

J. Bull. Now, hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals; however, take this bumper of October to your master's health.

Then John got upon the battlements, and looking over, he called to Nic. Frog:

"How d'ye do, Nic.? D'ye see where I am,
"Nic.? I hope the cause goes on swimmingly, Nic.
"When dost thou intend to go to Clay-pool, Nic.
"Wilt thou buy there some high heads of the
"newest cut for my daughters? How comest thou
"to go with thy arm tied up? Has old Lewis
"given thee a rap over thy fingers-ends? Thy
"weapon was a good one, when I wielded it, but
"the butt end remains in my hands. I am so busy
"in packing up my goods, that I have no time
"to talk with thee any longer. It would do thy
"heart good to see what waggon-loads I am preparing
"for market. If thou wantest any good
"office of mine, for all that has happened, I will
"use thee, well, Nic. Buy Nic."



P O S T S C R I P T.

IT has been disputed amongst the literati of Grub-street, whether Sir Humphry proceeded any farther into the history of John Bull. By diligent enquiry we have found the titles of some chapters, which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. *How John was made angry with the articles of agreement How he kicked the parchment through the house, up stairs and down stairs, and put himself in a great heat thereby.*

Chap. II. *How in his passion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's head with a cleaver. Of the strange manner of Sir Roger's escaping the blow, by laying his head upon the dresser.*

Chap. III. *How some of John's servants attempted to scale his house with rope ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.*

Chap. IV. *Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve the peace amongst his neighbours: how he kept a pair of still-yards to weigh them; and by diet, purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to equal bulk and strength.*

Chap. V. *Of false accounts of the weights given in by some of the journeymen; and of the New-market tricks that were practised at the still-yards.*

Chap. VI. *How John's new journeymen brought him other guise accounts of the still-yards.*

Chap. VII. *How Sir Swain Northy* was by bleeding, purging, and a steel-diet, brought into a consumption; and how John was forced afterwards to give him the gold cordial.*

Chap. VIII. *How Peter Bear† was over-fed, and afterwards refused to submit to the course of physic.*

* King of Sweden.

† Czar of Moscovy.

Chap. IX. *How John pampered Esquire South with tit bits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.*

Chap. X. *How the Esquire from a foul-feeder, grew dainty; how he longed for mangoes, spices, and Indian birds-nests, &c. and could not sleep but in a chintz bed.*

Chap. XI. *The Esquire turned tradesman; how he set up a China-shop* over against Nic. Frog.*

Chap. XII. *How he procured Spanish flies to blister his neighbours, and as a provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravished Nic. Frog's favourite daughter.*

Chap. XIII. *How Nic. Frog, hearing the girl squeak, went to call John Bull as a constable: calling of a constable no preventative of a rape.*

Chap. XIV. *How John rose out of his bed in a cold morning to prevent a duel between Esquire South and Lord Strutt; how, to his great surprise, he found the combatants drinking geneva in a brandy-shop, with Nic's favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John, so that he was forced to fight his way out.*

Chap. XV. *How John came with his constable's staff to rescue Nic's daughter, and break the Esquire's China ware.*

Chap. XVI. *Commentary upon the Spanish proverb, Time and I against any two; or, Advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in some new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.*

Chap. XVII. *A discourse of the delightful game of quadrille. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game solo in clubs, and was beasted: how John called Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own partner should have too many tricks: and how the success and skill of quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*

* The Offend company.

